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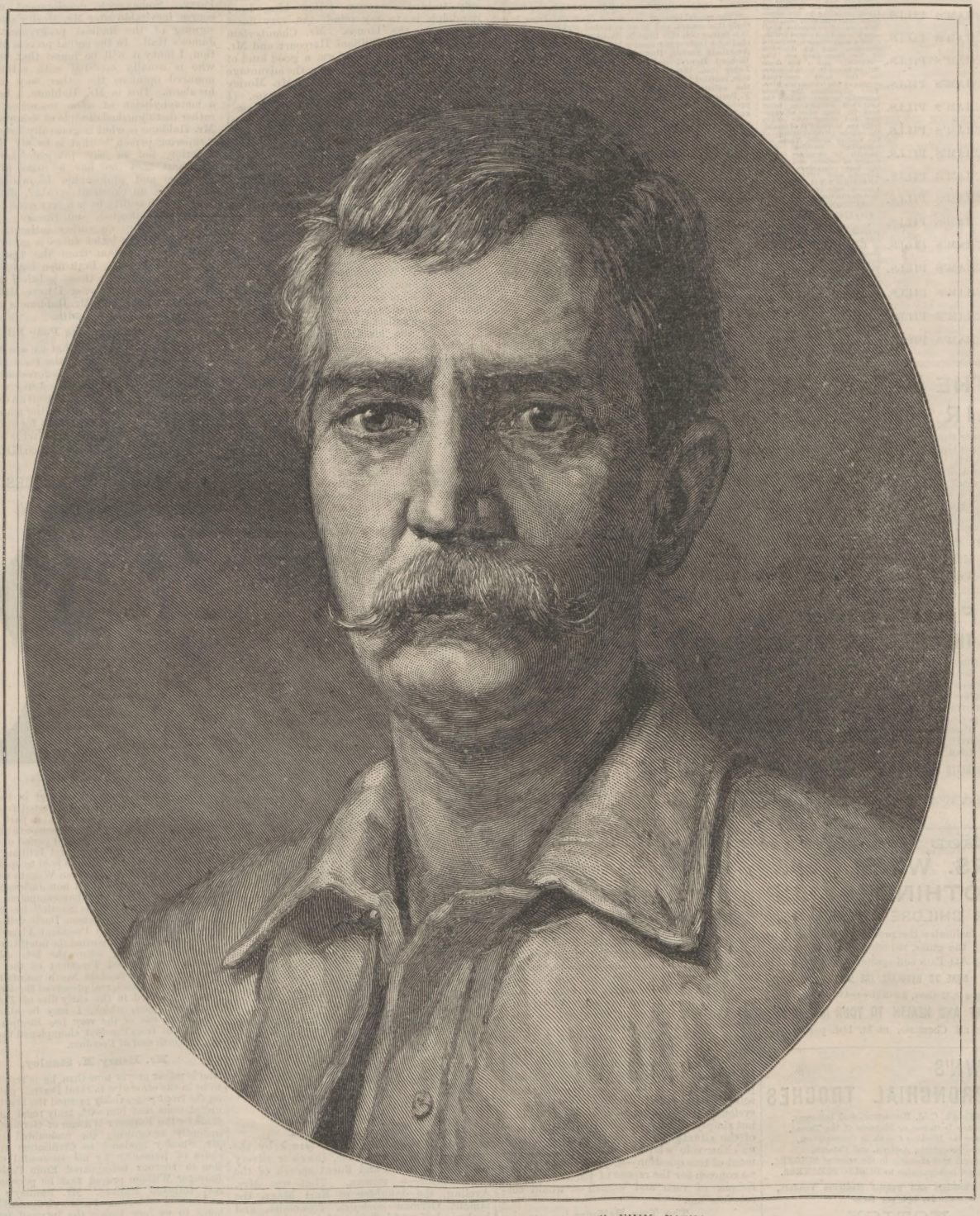

HENRY M. STANLEY, THE HEROIC RESCUER OF EMIN PASHA.

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STORIES AND POEMS BY

GEORGE R. SIMS,	HOWARD PAUL,
ARCHIBALD FORBES,	BYRON WEBBER,
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TOGETHER WITH THE
CHARMING COLOURED PICTURE,
Entitled "HOW LIKE GRANDMA!" by C. Burton Barber.
PRICE SIXPENCE.

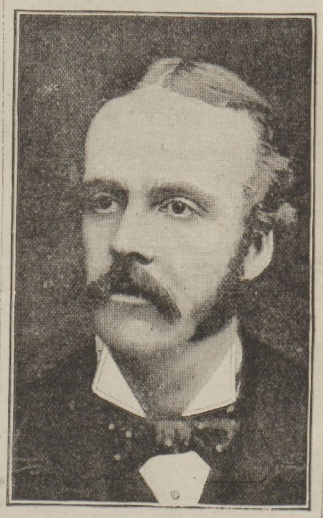
PRESS OPINION.

The *Daily Telegraph* of Nov. 16 says:—"The special issue of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* is out early this season, and in an enlarged and improved form. It is rather rich this time in its literary contributions, including a burlesque romance by G. R. Sims and stories by Archibald Forbes, Howard Paul, George Manville Fenn, Richard Henry, and several other writers. Mr. John Latey jun., the editor, writes a romantic and dramatic tale, entitled 'Little Sunbeam's Secret Marriage.' Among the artistic contributors are Maurice Greiffenhagen, F. Barnard, Harry Furniss, Hal Ludlow, and others. The presentation coloured plate is by Mr. C. Burton Barber, and is called 'How Like Grandma!'—the droll exclamation being that of a little girl who has tried the effect of grandma's cap on the head of her pet dogrie, mounted on grandma's chair. Altogether the number is a good one.

PERSONAL POLITICS

Mr. Balfour's Scottish Tour.

I CANNOT help thinking that Mr. Balfour's Scottish tour shows him at his best and worst. His best was his clever, acute, plausible argument on the Union; his worst was his personal attack on Mr. Gladstone. The unhappy part of this Irish controversy is that people



RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

are more and more losing their tempers over it. Mr. Balfour, for instance, had once a reputation for extreme amiability. At the dinner-table and with his own family he is a very agreeable man—bright, a lover of books and of talk about them, with a good opinion of himself, but with excellent manners. Well, he now shows the deterioration which one observes in every Irish Secretary—from Mr. Forster downwards. Irritability, loss of temper, want of control, are the first signs of an Irish Secretary getting affected by his work. I used to be very frequently in the House when Sir George Trevelyan was Irish Secretary, and I saw the whole process. It reminded me not a little of the accounts of the progress of rabies in dogs — snappishness, nervousness, uneasy movements, and the rest. The fact is that the nervous strain is too tremendous. It broke down the iron nerves and stolid, inflexible temper of Mr. Forster; and when it began to work on nervous temperaments like Mr. Balfour and Sir George Trevelyan it simply played havoc. It is like disease settling on a soil prepared for it. It gallops through the system. I write this with no partisan bias, but simply as an observer of the plain facts of the situation. I believe every politician on either side who has followed the development of this question—a question which has no concern for the repose of parties, of politicians, of men and women — would corroborate me.

The Two Balfours.

But there is still another than the rather pettish and perverse Irish Secretary — a variety, as I said, of what the scientists call a "persistent" type in our politics. As a debater, even as a thinker, of a certain kind, Mr. Balfour is a man who makes great progress. He is, above all things, a Scotchman—shrewd, given, like Mr. Gladstone, to overnice distinctions and logic-chopping, but clever, and with a certain steely point and penetration about his style which is rather taking to a House of Commons audience. I confess that as an all-round debater I still think him much inferior to Churchill. Lord Randolph has the human element which Mr. Balfour lacks. He is a "bon garçon"; he has humour, penetration, knowledge of his audience, and a certain amount of good-tempered case and mastery of his subject which his more strenuous rival lacks. Indeed, when he is at his best, and will give up gabbling his sentences at a rate at which only trained ears can follow him, Lord Randolph is, to my mind, the very finest debater in the House. Mr. Chamberlain comes next; Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Balfour and Mr. Morley form a good kind of tie, Mr. Balfour perhaps having the advantage in the House of Commons and Mr. Morley more than making it up on the platform. (I except Mr. Gladstone, for he stands alone.) However, so far as popularity goes, Lord Randolph is simply out of the running with the Irish Secretary. The rapturous article in the *Times* acclaiming Mr. Balfour as the coming Leader is a very fair indication of the sentiments of the Party. But there is always a strong Churchill minority, which will be strengthened when Lord Salisbury goes, or if there should be a Conservative reverse at the next general election.

"The Speaker."

The other day I had an interesting interview with Mr. Wemyss Reid, the editor of the *Speaker*, the new Liberal and critical weekly, which is to be a kind of set-off to the *Spectator*. Mr. Reid is deservedly one of the most popular journalists in the whole profession—a man of the kindliest temper, of wide culture, of the most unfailing good-nature. He made the *Leeds Mercury* one of the most powerful organs of opinion in the country, and I hope he will do the same for the *Speaker*. As to the literary side of the new venture, there can be no doubt as to its exceeding brilliancy. In fact, I don't know who is *not* going to write for it. Mr. Gladstone is a promised contributor; so is Mr. Morley, who has consented to write signed and unsigned articles; so is Sir William Harcourt, once the most brilliant member of the brilliant staff on the *Saturday*; so is Lord Acton, Professor Freeman (most learned of our historians), Mr. Bryce, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Oscar Wilde, a host of leading scientists, Mr. Henry James, Mr. James Payn, and—well, as I said, some of the most eminent authorities in every department of literature. The prospectus, with the staff list at the end of it, is simply dazzling. Mr. Reid told me some amusing experiences. For instance, he has simply been overwhelmed with applications for the post of dramatic critic. "I wonder," said Mr. Reid, "whether it was the free tickets which were the attraction." Perhaps they were. But such candidates can little know the drudgery of the life of an ordinary dramatic critic.

Silvertown.

I can't help feeling a melancholy interest in the Silvertown strike—now at an end. It has been somewhat neglected by the labour leaders, but one figure in it deserves the praise which has not been entirely her reward. That is Mrs. Aveling. Anyone who saw and heard some of the hundred rough impromptu meetings which were held hard by the railway lines that go running through the streets

of Silvertown will have been struck by the dark, energetic Jewish face, the clear silvery voice, the graceful and fluent speech of the chief orator—a woman. That was Mrs. Aveling, the daughter of Karl Marx, the famous German Socialist, economist, and leader of the old International movement, who lived the last years of his eventful life, and died a quiet death, in this country. There is a certain resemblance—mental and physical—between father and daughter, especially in the fierce energy which was the characteristic of both. Mrs. Aveling is the moving spirit in the Type-writers' Union and other organisations. When she was a young child, she remembers being taken on the poet Heine's knee and hearing some of the passionate outbursts of weeping to which he was prone. She has seen much of the *personnel* of the International Socialist movement, and ought to be able to write an interesting account of it.

Mr. Haldane.

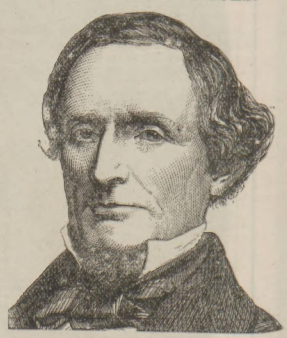
I find my Liberal friends are well satisfied with Manchester. They regard the resolutions passed there as a victory for the new kind of Social Radicalism which has found favour with the London members and candidates, and generally with the advanced wing of the Party. Some such development was, of course, inevitable after Mr. Morley's countersigning of the Radical programme at St. James's Hall. In the actual process of evolution, I fancy it will be found that one man who is usually credited with rather pronounced opinions the other way has had his share. This is Mr. Haldane, a barrister, a metaphysician of some eminence, and a rather distinguished disciple of Schopenhauer. Mr. Haldane is what is generally known as a "superior person"—that is to say, he *looks* superior, not to say priggish—and as if conscious that he has a mass of large economic and philosophic knowledge, and that he is an excellent speaker, fluent and elegant. In reality he is a very good fellow—pleasant, unaffected, and sincere. He and Mr. Morley are on rather intimate terms; and I fancy the latter takes a good deal of practical suggestion from the lips of the younger politician. Both men have, in fact, somewhat modified their political attitude in the direction of what I have defined as "Social Radicalism." Mr. Haldane is married, and is a man of some wealth.

A Housing of the Poor Bill.

There can be no doubt that we are to have a Conservative Housing of the Poor Bill. It will be mainly as Mr. Ritchie foreshadowed—a consolidation of existing Acts, which is very much needed, and is in itself an excellent measure. The pioneer will be the man who is undoubtedly the best statesman for such work on the Treasury Bench—Mr. Ritchie himself.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.



Mr. Jefferson Davis,

whose death in his eightieth year in the small hours of Friday, Dec. 6, is reported from New Orleans, played so important a part in the American Civil War that a few words may well be devoted to the most eventful period of his life. Were that dashing soldier and brilliant writer, Captain Mayne Reid, alive to hold us spellbound with his stories of the Mexican War, in which he took part, he could tell us how Jefferson Davis distinguished himself in that campaign. From a cotton-planter in "the South" he later on came to champion, Jefferson Davis drifted into politics, was appointed President Pierce's War Secretary in 1851, and started the fateful Secession movement in 1860, when the late Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. How the resolute North maintained the United States intact, and preserved the Republic, was fully related in the early files of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, which, I may be allowed to recall, was one of the very few English newspapers that from the first championed the cause of the North and of Freedom.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley,

who is rather greyer now than he is represented to be in the otherwise faithful Portrait published on the front page, richly merited the hearty congratulations sent him with truly regal promptitude by the Emperor William of Germany. In instantly recognising the undoubted services Mr. Stanley rendered to Civilisation and the cause of humanity by his successful expedition to succour beleaguered Emin Pasha, the Emperor William proved that he possesses the real Imperial instinct. Mr. Stanley's frank and cordial cablegram of acknowledgment brings home to us how keenly the intrepid traveller appreciated the generous hospitality of the German Commander, Major Wissman, and the kindliness which prompted the German Government to direct that Mr. Stanley and his comrades

should be convered in a German war-vessel to Zanzibar. But what I wish to add is that, though State reasons may have reasonably prevented the Prince of Wales from similarly telegraphing the sympathy and admiration he feels, in common with most of us, for the hero of the "Dark Continent," yet it may be taken for granted that in no household has the course of Stanley been followed with deeper interest than in the home circle at Sandringham, where the Prince and Princess have studied his progress in a chart handed to them by Mr. Stanley himself on the eve of his departure for the relief of Emin Pasha. I have the best reason for knowing that Mr. Stanley felt very grateful for the Princely hospitality shown him at Sandringham on that occasion.

Sir Percy Shelley.

The death of Sir Percy Shelley, who was buried on Tuesday in St. Peter's Church, Bournemouth, will make the lover of good poetry hush his voice and look back on the past. Sir Percy was mainly of interest as the holder of his father's name. He was born in Florence in 1819, and is mentioned in Professor Dowden's beautiful Life of the poet as "small, healthy, and pretty," and later on as "the merriest babe in the world." If the principle of inherited genius and intellect applied in every case, Sir Percy Shelley would indeed have been a power. His grandfather, Godwin, wrote "Political Justice"; his grandmother, Mary Wollstonecraft, wrote "The Rights of Women"; his father was one of the greatest poets of his own or any age; and his mother wrote "Frankenstein" and many other novels. Sir Percy himself, however, was content to be a quiet country gentleman, fond of music, the drama, and yachting. He wrote a play or two for his private theatre, set one of his father's songs to music, and was comparatively unknown to the world. But he was a good man, and Professor Dowden tells us that he was a joy and comfort to his mother through all the trials and sorrows of her life.

The Mayor of Manchester,

Alderman John Mark, has no politics, as Mayor; and accordingly, though he is said to differ from Mr. Gladstone on *the* controversial topic of the day, he is credited with having been particularly successful in entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone during their recent visit to Manchester. Portraits of the estimable Mayor and Mayoress of Manchester are printed on another page. I may state here that Mr. Mark has proved himself a good citizen, no less by his municipal services than by his efforts to promote the success of the Manchester Exhibition and of the Manchester Ship Canal. That he is an observant traveller is conclusively shown by the lucidly written "Diary of My Trip to America and Havana"—one of the most useful guides I have ever come across. It is published for one shilling by Mr. J. E. Cornish, Piccadilly, Manchester.

Royal Society of British Artists.

The Exhibition by the Society of British Artists in Suffolk-street, shorn of Whistlerism, is full of high promise and praiseworthy performance. Lovers of pictures can depend upon securing charming paintings here at a low price. There's many a landscape and figure-subject visitors will pounce upon for the adornment of their drawing-rooms—delightful pieces of skilful colouring that should prove things of joy and beauty for ever. I cite an example of Mr. Henley's graceful work for the sake of its excellence of design and treatment. Had I room, I should also like to give specimens of Mr. Stuart Lloyd's lovely Devon river scenes, of a beautiful rustic interior (576) by Haynes King, and of several other admirable paintings.

MR. L. C. HENLEY'S PICTURE "THE CHATELAINE."

The Gweedore Hunt.

Although *The Penny Illustrated Paper* does not take sides in politics, I am tempted to make a passing reference to a penny pamphlet published by Fisher Unwin, in which Mr. Henry Massingham describes, from the standpoint of an English Home Ruler, his experiences among the poor peasantry of Ireland. There is room for plenty of disagreement in Mr. Massingham's statement of the case; but, on the whole, I think he has made good his claim to freedom from passion and prejudice. The life of Father M'Fadden and his flock is very vividly described. Mr. Massingham was at one time on the staff of the *Eastern Daily Press*. He left Norwich some six years ago to push his way in London journalism, and, although he had only some two acquaintances in the great city, by means of a singularly crisp and fascinating style he has succeeded. From the editorship of the National Press Agency he passed to the assistant editorship of the *Star*. He is twenty-nine years of age, and should have a bright future.

Thackeray's Childhood.

In the December number of the *Atlantic Monthly* there is an article on "Thackeray's Boyhood," by Mrs. Ritchie, the great novelist's daughter. Thackeray expressed a particular wish that no Life of him should be written. He was nervously sensitive of the extravagant laudation which usually characterises such productions. In consequence of this command we of this generation know but little of Thackeray. Mr. Anthony Trollope's biography was barren of the elements which help one to read the heart of a man. But of late years Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie has shown an inclination to evade her father's wishes. First came some "Letters to Mrs. Brookfield," in *Scribner*, and now we have this glimpse of Thackeray's childhood. In both cases the daughter has done well. One becomes through these articles more and more assured that the author of "Vanity Fair" was not only a great novelist but a good, large-hearted man.

"Forgiven."

The late Mr. James Albery's play, entitled "Forgiven," is now in rehearsal at the Criterion, to follow "Caste." "Forgiven," although it did not altogether please the public when first produced, has high merit in some parts. The conclusion of the third act is beautifully written. Few modern pieces can boast of better dialogue, also, than will be found in "Forgiven," which was produced at the Globe Theatre as long ago as March 9, 1872. To the modern playgoer it will practically be a new piece, and I should not be surprised if it made a strong impression, as, after some of the slipslop writing we have had in many recent comedies, "Forgiven" must be regarded as a work of art. The one great fault, that of defective construction, will be modified if Mr. Charles Wyndham carries out his original idea of rearranging two or three of the scenes. If this plan be adopted skilfully—and Mr. Charles Wyndham's judgment and tact in stage matters are rarely at fault—"Forgiven" may at length obtain a recognition which it failed to do in 1872.

Walking Clubs

are in vogue. One of the very best rambling clubs I know is that which is attached to the Upper Norwood Athenæum, and which had a jovial dinner on the 4th of December at the Holborn Restaurant, under the genial chairmanship of Mr. M. Pope, the devoted president and hon. sec. I warmly recommend the yearly narrative of the Upper Norwood Ramblers—issued by Mr. Wm. Pile, *Herald* Works, Carshalton—because it is not only of interest in itself, but it clearly indicates how rambling associations may be formed in other districts.

Death of Harry Searle.

The whole world of sport of both hemispheres will be moved by the announcement of the death of Searle, the great sculler, which took place on Tuesday morning (Australian time) at Melbourne, of typhoid fever, supposed to have been contracted at Naples, on the way home from the scene of his greatest triumph. This was of so recent occurrence as to be fresh in the mind of everyone. Searle is undoubtedly a very great loss to the rowing world. We may see as good a sculler again, but it will be a long time before such excellence is united with so much modesty and straightforwardness. THE PROMPTER.

Madame Carnot and the Poor of Paris.—The wife of the President of the French Republic sets our great ladies a good example. Mrs. Crawford says: "Madame Carnot's example of inviting poor children to the Elysée at Christmas is sure to be followed. Her party will include 400 poor children. The thoughtful charity of M. and Madame Carnot, being steadily pursued, endears them to the working classes. The little guests will be chosen by the Mayors from the poorest of the poor from each arrondissement."

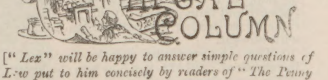
To Darken Grey Hair.—Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[Advt.]

The New Savoy Opera.

Surely Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte merit the heartiest thanks of theatre-going people all the world over for producing so bright, so inspiriting, so witty, and so melodious a comic opera as "The Gondoliers; or, the King of Barataria," which achieved instant success on Saturday night last at the smart and cosy Savoy Theatre. I own that from first to last I was completely captivated by the sparkle and the enlivening "go" of "The Gondoliers," which is mounted with all that luxury and beauty the public seem to expect now-a-days. It is exhilarating throughout. When Sir Arthur Sullivan—applauded, as was his due, as he entered the orchestra to conduct at the first performance—had favoured us with a captivating overture, the curtain drew up, and disclosed one of the most fascinating Venetian scenes ever conjured up—a glowing Place, with water at the back, and the foreground quite dazzling with the beauty of the gaily garbed chorus girls busily making bouquets for the wedding of "the Gondoliers." Mr. Rutland Barrington and Mr. Courtice Pounds, tenor and baritone, are the debonair and tunesome pair of "Gondoliers," and they choose their mates in a novel fashion—viz. by selecting them while blindfolded. While the choice of Rutland Barrington falls on piquant Jessie Bond, the dulcet-voiced Pounds pairs off with the fair and vivacious Geraldine Ulmar; but the course of true love is interrupted by the discovery that one or the other of the gondoliers is heir to the Kingdom of Barataria. Utterly unselfish, they *both* go to fill the vacant throne, and are followed to Barataria by their spouses, and by a grand but impecunious Spanish Duke, who would wed his daughter to the actual King. This lovelorn damsel is eventually rejoiced to find that her own true love is really the King, and thus all is made to end happily. Story is simple and neat as a "Bab Ballad," isn't it? Precisely. That is one reason why it is so successful. It is a plot that can be easily grasped. Not having my book of words by me, I am unable for the moment to particularise the songs and choruses that were most applauded, and will postpone that portion of the commendation, so richly merited by composer, author, manager, and company alike. Suffice it now to say that no opera was ever acted with more zest and spirit. Miss Jessie Bond and Miss Geraldine Ulmar, Mr. Courtice Pounds and Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. W. H. Denny as the droll Grand Inquisitor, Mr. Frank Wyatt and Miss Rosina Brandram as the Spanish Duke and Duchess, and Mr. Brownlow as the tenor suitor of their daughter, fairly excelled themselves; while the fair young débutante, Miss Decima Moore, a pupil of Madame Rose Hersee, made quite a hit, both as a charming songstress with a sweet soprano voice and as an actress, in the part of the Duke's daughter. Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Gilbert, and Mr. Carte may well have been highly gratified with the tempest of applause that greeted "The Gondoliers."

Playbill pencillings: To-night, production of "Master and Man," by MM. Sims and Pettitt, at the Princess's, in place of "The Gold Craze."—Miss Louise Litta came, was seen, but did not conquer in "Madcap Midge," by Mr. Fawcett, at the Opéra Comique, which is now closed again.—Cordial congratulations to Mr. F. C. Burnand on the success of his action against the *Society Herald* for publishing the malevolent article against his delightful musical play of "Pickwick."—"Au revoir!" So ran the inscription on the wreath Lewis Clifton Lyne placed, not so long ago, on the coffin of poor Archie McNeil. Sadly soon has poor Lyne, dramatist and genial dramatic critic, joined his friend and comrade—and when the laurel-wreath seemed almost within his grasp! Author of the charming opera of "Marjorie," to which Mr. Slaughter composed the tuneful music, poor Clifton was within measurable distance of that rest he had toiled for when the late cruel blasts killed him. "Au revoir!"

A Note Left Over from Last Week.—The death of Mr. Frederic Clay has been learnt with deep regret by all who knew his charm of manner as well as rare musical ability. I used frequently to see Mr. Clay when he was collaborating with Mr. G. R. Sims on "The Golden Ring," one of the most melodious extravaganzas ever produced at the Alhambra. I never met a more delightful companion. The paralytic stroke which struck him down while walking home with Mr. Sims occasioned widespread sorrow, as it ended the career of a gifted composer in what appeared to be the zenith of his fame and popularity. I am sure "The Merry Duchess" of MM. Sims and Clay would be a "hit" if revived with spirit. THESPIS.



["*Lex*" *will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."*]

LENDING MONEY.

There are few people who have yet got through life without being borrowers or lenders. In fact, the man who escapes either one part or the other, even in a very short life, would be more or less than human. The fortunate few who do not want to borrow find themselves compelled to lend to the unfortunate many, and thus very often, as the old saying goes, "lose both loan and friend." There are many cases in which a lawyer reminds his client that it is not really a kindness to lend a man the money he asks for, and that it is better to say, "When you are utterly insolvent I will lend you money to help you and your family, but I am not going to give you money now, which will be merely a drop in the ocean, for your creditors." But there are some other cases in which a timely loan will avoid a bankruptcy.

A loan of money may be made with or without any other than verbal evidence. Reckless persons may sometimes lend even gold without the slightest proof. But money should never be lent without some receipt or other document. No lawyer believes in untraceable loans of coin. The safest plan, if no better security can be obtained, is to

Take a Promissory Note or Bill of Exchange,

on paper already bearing an impressed stamp of the proper amount. These documents cannot be stamped after they are executed. Except in mercantile transactions, a promissory note is generally better than a bill of exchange, for, although the latter form of instrument seems simple enough to persons engaged in commerce, it is not so easily understood by those who have had little experience in mercantile instruments. A promissory note can either be for payment at a date certain, or on demand, or so long after demand. It should be dated, and state that it is "for value received." If a promissory note is not given, sometimes a mere receipt or I O U is taken. But a person taking a receipt or I O U for a loan of money must never put upon it a promise, statement, or agreement as to interest or repayment, for anything of that kind immediately constitutes the instrument a promissory note or contract liable to stamp duty.

The law of bills of exchange and promissory notes generally must be explained in another article.

ANSWERS.

H. S.—You are entitled to deduct income tax from mortgage interest. If the lender's total income exempt him from income tax, he can claim a return, upon which matter he should see the Surveyor of Taxes.

Thomas Morris.—The person who receives the money is bound to provide a receipt stamp.

J. R.—The Judge cannot commit you to prison unless he is satisfied that you have, or have had, since the date of the order, means of obeying it.

E. P. Newman.—The fact that the hackney carriage is standing in a rail way yard does not exempt the driver from the ordinary obligation to drive to any place within the prescribed distance at the proper fare.

R. A. B.—A person of full age may bind himself not to carry on a particular trade within a limited area; but he cannot enter into a contract that he will not carry on the trade in any place within the United Kingdom.

Felix.—You will be "infelix" if you continue to write reflections on other persons' characters upon post-cards or open letters, as you admit that you have done. Whether the complaints be true or untrue, you have no business to resort to this method. We advise you to consult a solicitor at once if any proceedings for libel are seriously threatened.

Solitary.—It does not appear from your letter that you are entitled to anything, but you should consult a solicitor and show him a copy of the will.

Nemo.—Go to the office of the Town Clerk, Guildhall, and ask for the information you desire.

Vigornia.—You probably would only be liable to give a quarter's notice; but the arrangement seems to have been vague, which is often the result of leaving these things to verbal understandings. LEX.

LORD WOLSELEY'S LAST.

Lord Wolseley last Saturday night delivered a lively lecture on "The Red River Expedition of 1870" to a crowded audience at Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel. His Lordship told some amusing tales of Indians he encountered—one of a great chief who called on him, and who had a smattering of French and a little English slang. His name was John Thomas, and at the close of a long interview the General, to get rid of him, took a florin out of his pocket and offered it to the chief. The chief took it, scrutinised it closely, and then, to Lord Wolseley's intense astonishment, remarked in the jargon of the London cabman, "Make it half a crown!"

Liver Complaints.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[Advt.]

To Cure Skin Diseases.—Sulpholine Lotion drives away all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[Advt.]

BLIND LOVE.

WILKIE COLLINS'S LAST ROMANCE.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

PROFESSIONAL ASSISTANCE.

NUMBER Five was near the centre of the row of little suburban houses called Redburn Road. When the cab drew up at the door Mr. Vimpany himself was visible, looking out of the window on the ground floor—and yawning as he looked. Iris beckoned to him impatiently.

"Anything wrong?" he asked, as he approached the door of the cab. She drew back, and silently showed him what was wrong. The doctor received the shock with composure. When he happened to be sober and sad, looking for patients and failing to find them, Mr. Vimpany's capacity for feeling sympathy began and ended with himself.

"This is a new scrape, even for Lord Harry," he remarked. "Let's get him into the house."

The insensible man was carried into the nearest room on the ground floor. Pale and trembling, Iris related what had happened, and asked if there was no hope of saving him.

"Patience!" Mr. Vimpany answered; "I'll tell you directly."

He removed the bandages, and examined the wound. "There's been a deal of blood lost," he said; "I'll try and pull him through. While I am about it, Miss, go upstairs, if you please, and find your way to the drawing-room." Iris hesitated. The doctor opened a neat mahogany box. "The tools of my trade," he continued; "I'm going to sew up his lordship's throat." Shuddering as she heard those words, Iris hurried out of the room. Fanny followed her mistress up the stairs. In her own very different way, the maid was as impenetrably composed as Mr. Vimpany himself. "There was a second letter found in the gentleman's pocket, Miss," she said. "Will you excuse my reminding you that you have not read it yet?"

Iris read the lines that follow:—

"Forgive me, my dear, for the last time. My letter is to say that I shall trouble you no more in this world—and, as for the other world, who knows? I brought some money back with me from the gold-fields. It was not enough to be called a fortune—I mean the sort of fortune which might persuade your father to let you marry me. Well! here in England, I had an opportunity of making ten times more of it on the turf; and, let me add, with private information of the horses which I might certainly count on to win. I don't stop to ask by what cruel roguery I was tempted to my ruin. My money is lost; and, with it, my last hope of a happy and harmless life with you comes to an end. I die, Iris dear, with the death of that hope. Something in me seems to shrink from suicide in the ugly gloom of great overgrown London. I prefer to make away with myself among the fields, where the green will remind me of dear old Ireland. When you think of me sometimes, say to yourself the poor wretch loved me—and perhaps the earth will lie lighter on Harry for those kind words, and the flowers (if you favour me by planting a few) may grow prettier on my grave."

There it ended.

The heart of Iris sank as she read that melancholy farewell, expressed in language at once wild and childish. If he survived his desperate attempt at self-destruction, to what end would it lead? In silence, the woman who loved him put his letter back in her bosom. Watching her attentively—affected, it was impossible to say how, by that mute distress—Fanny Mere proposed to go downstairs, and ask once more what hope there might be for the wounded man. Iris knew the doctor too well to let the maid leave her on a useless errand.

"Some men might be kindly ready to relieve my suspense," she said; "the man downstairs is not one of them. I must wait till he comes to me, or sends for me. But there is something I wish to say to you, while we are alone. You have been but a short time in my service, Fanny. Is it too soon to ask if you feel some interest in me?"

"If I can comfort you or help you, Miss, be pleased to tell me how." She made that reply respectfully, in her usual quiet manner; her pale cheeks showing no change of colour, her faint blue eyes resting steadily on her mistress's face. Iris went on:—

"If I ask you to keep what has happened, on this dreadful day, a secret from everybody, may I trust you—little as you know of me—as I might have trusted Rhoda Bennet?"

"I promise it, Miss." In saying those few words, the undemonstrative woman seemed to think that she had said enough.

Iris had no alternative but to ask another favour.

"And whatever curiosity you may feel, will you be content to do me a kindness—without wanting an explanation?"

"It is my duty to respect my mistress's secrets; I will do my duty." No sentiment, no offer of respectful sympathy; a positive declaration of fidelity, left impenetrably to speak for itself.

After an interval of nearly half an hour, Mr. Vimpany made his appearance. Pausing in the doorway, he consulted his watch, and entered on a calculation which presented him favourably from a professional point of view.

"Allow for time lost in reviving my lord when he fainted, and stringing him up with a drop of brandy, and washing my hands (look how clean they are!), I haven't been more than twenty minutes in mending his throat. Not bad surgery, Miss Henley."

"Is his life safe, Mr. Vimpany?"

"Thanks to his luck—yes."

"His luck?"

"To be sure! In the first place, he owes his life to your finding him when you did; a little later, and it would have been all over with Lord Harry. Second piece of luck: catching the doctor at home, just when he was most wanted. Third piece of luck: our friend didn't know how to cut his own throat properly. You needn't look black at me, Miss; I'm not joking. A suicide with a razor in his hand has generally one chance in his favour—he is ignorant of anatomy. That is my lord's case. He has only cut through the upper fleshy part of his throat, and has missed the larger blood-vessels. Take my word for it, he will do well enough now; thanks to you, thanks to me, and thanks to his own ignorance. What do you say to that way of putting it? Ha! my brains are in good working order to-day; I haven't been drinking any of Mr. Mountjoy's claret—do you take the joke, Miss Henley?"

"When may we hope that he will be well again, Mr. Vimpany?"

"Maybe in three weeks. In a month at most. I have nobody here but a stupid servant-girl. We ought to have a competent nurse. I can get a thoroughly trained person from the hospital; but there's a little difficulty. I am an outspoken man. When I am poor, I own I am poor. My lord must be well fed; the nurse must be well fed. Would you mind advancing a small loan, to provide beforehand for the payment of expenses?"

Iris handed her purse to him, sick of the sight of Mr. Vimpany. "Is that all?" she asked, making for the door.

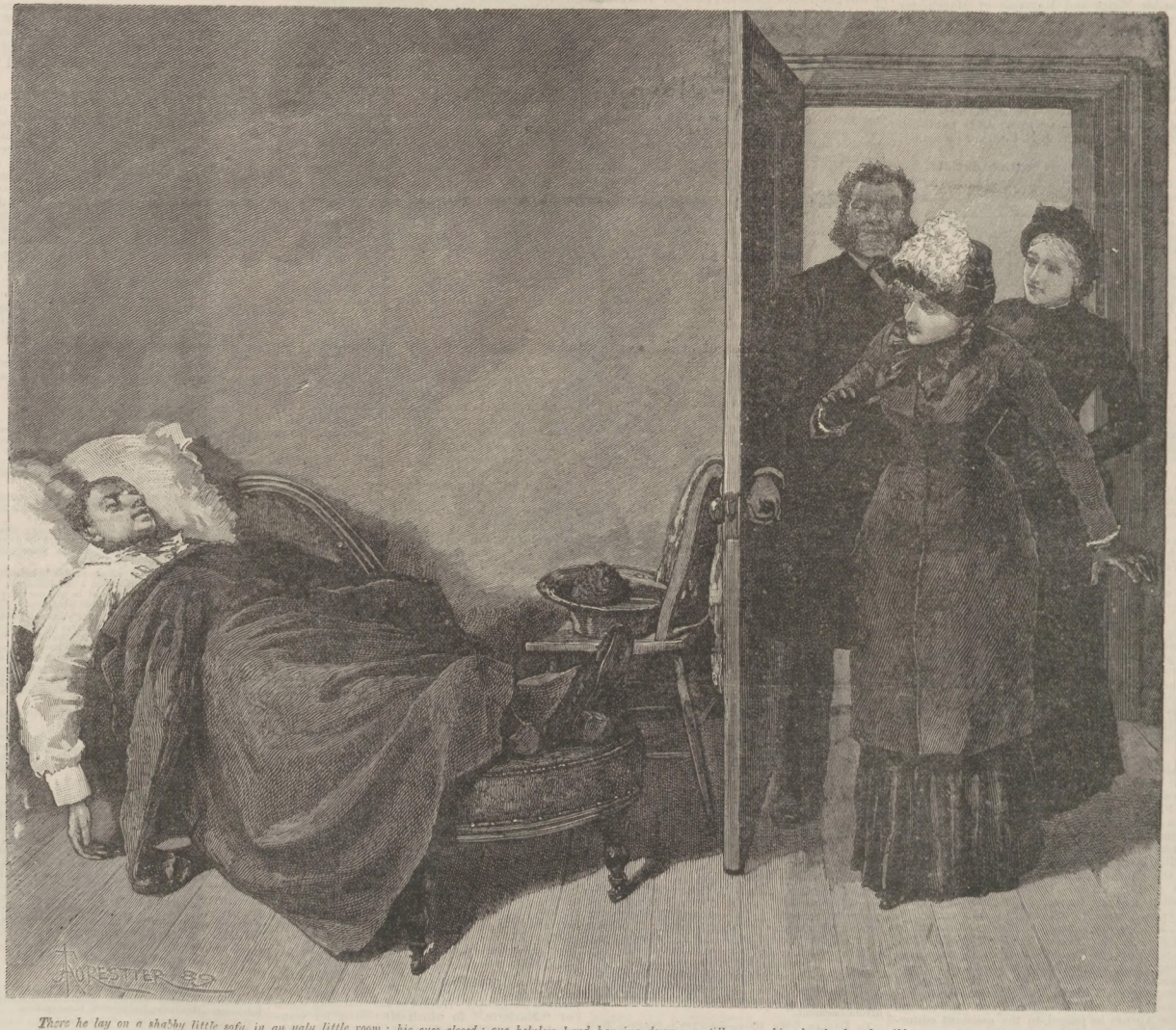
"Much obliged. That's all."

As they approached the room on the ground floor, Iris stopped: her eyes rested on the doctor. Even to that coarse creature, the eloquent look spoke for her. Fanny noticed it, and suddenly turned her head aside. Over the maid's white face there passed darkly an expression of unutterable contempt. Her mistress's weakness had revealed itself—weakness for one of the betrayers of women; weakness for a man! In the meantime, Mr. Vimpany (having got the money) was ready to humour the enviable young lady with a well-filled purse.

"Do you want to see my lord before you go?" he asked, amused at the idea. "Mind! you mustn't disturb him! No talking, and no crying. Ready? Now look at him."

There he lay on a shabby little sofa, in an ugly little room; his eyes closed; one helpless hand hanging down; a stillness on his ghastly face horribly suggestive of the stillness of death—there he lay, the reckless victim of his love for the woman who had desperately renounced him again and again, who had now saved him for the third time. Ah, how her treacherous heart pleaded for him! Can you drive him away from you after this? You, who love him, what does your cold-blooded prudence say, when you look at him now?

She felt herself drawn, roughly and suddenly, back into the passage. The door was closed; the doctor was whispering to her. "Hold up, Miss! I expected better things of you. Come! come!—no fainting. You'll find him a different man



There he lay on a shabby little sofa, in an ugly little room; his eyes closed; one helpless hand hanging down; a stillness on his ghastly face horribly suggestive of the stillness of death.

to-morrow. Pay us a visit, and judge for yourself."

After what she had suffered, Iris hungered for sympathy. "Isn't it pitiable?" she said to her maid as they left the house.

"I don't know, Miss."

"You don't know? Good heavens, are you made of stone? Have you no such thing as a heart in you?"

"Not for the men," Fanny answered. "I keep my pity for the women."

Iris knew what bitter remembrances made their confession in those words. How she missed Rhoda Bennet at that moment!

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. HENLEY AT HOME.

For a month, Mountjoy remained in his cottage on the shores of the Solway Firth, superintending the repairs.

His correspondence with Iris was regularly continued, and, for the first time in his experience of her, was a cause of disappointment to him.

Her replies revealed an incomprehensible change in her manner of writing, which became more and more marked in each succeeding instance. Notice it as he might in his own letters, no explanation followed on the part of his correspondent. She, who had so frankly confided her joys and sorrows to him in past days, now wrote with a reserve which seemed only to permit the most vague and guarded allusion to herself. His immediate superintendence of the workmen at the cottage was no longer necessary. Leaving there a representative whom he could trust, he resolved to answer his last letter received from Iris in person.

The next day he was in London.

Calling at the house, he was informed that Miss Henley was not at home, and that it was impossible to say with certainty when she might return. While he was addressing his inquiries to the servant, Mr. Henley opened the library-door. "Is that you, Mountjoy?" he asked. "Come in; I want to speak to you."

"I say, Mountjoy," he began, "have you any idea of what my daughter is about?"

"I don't even understand what you mean," Hugh replied. "For the last month I have been in Scotland."

"And I have been abroad on business, and only came back the other day. The moment I saw Iris I noticed something wrong about her. If I had been a stranger, I should have said: That young woman is not easy in her mind. Perfectly useless to speak to her about it. Quite happy and quite well—there was her own account of herself. I tried her maid next, a white-livered sulky creature, one of the steadiest liars I have ever met with. 'I know of nothing amiss with my mistress, sir.' There was the maid's way of keeping the secret, whatever it may be! I don't know whether you may have noticed it, in the course of your acquaintance with me—I hate to be beaten."

"No, Mr. Henley, I have not noticed it."

"Then you are informed of it now. Have you seen my housekeeper?"

"Once or twice, sir."

"Come! you're improving; we shall make something of you in course of time. Well, the housekeeper was the next person I spoke to about my daughter. Had she seen anything strange in Miss Iris, while I was away from home? There's a dash of malice in my housekeeper's composition. I don't object to a dash of malice. When the old woman is pleased, she shows her yellow fangs. She *had* something to tell me: 'The servants have been talking, sir, about Miss Iris.' 'Out with it, ma'am! what do they say?' 'They notice, sir, that their young lady has taken to going out in the forenoon, regularly every day; always by herself, and always in the same direction. I don't encourage the servants, Mr. Henley; there was something insolent in the tone of suspicion that they adopted. I told them that Miss Iris was merely taking her walk. They reminded me that it must be a cruelly long walk; Miss Iris being away regularly for four or five hours together, before she came back to the house. After that' (says the housekeeper), 'I thought it best to drop the subject.' What do you think of it yourself, Mountjoy? Do you call my daughter's conduct suspicious?"

"I see nothing suspicious, Mr. Henley. When Iris goes out, she visits a friend."

"And always goes in the same direction, and always visits the same friend," Mr. Henley added. "I felt a curiosity to know who that friend might be; and I made the discovery yesterday. When you were staying in my house in the country, do you remember the man who waited on you?"

Mountjoy began to feel alarmed for Iris; he answered as briefly as possible.

"Your valet," he said.

"That's it! Well, I took my valet into my confidence—not for the first time, I can tell you: an invaluable fellow. When Iris went out yesterday, he tracked her to a wretched little suburban place near Hampstead Heath, called Redburn Road. She rang the bell at Number Five, and was at once let in—evidently well known there. My clever man made inquiries in the neighbourhood. The house belongs to a doctor, who has lately taken it. Name of Vimpany."

Mountjoy was not only startled, but showed it plainly. Mr. Henley, still pacing backwards and forwards, happened by good fortune to have his back turned towards the visitor, at that moment.

"Now, I ask you, as a man of the world," Mr. Henley resumed, "what does this mean? If you're too cautious to speak out—and I must say it looks like it—shall I set you the example?"

"Just as you please, sir."

"Very well, then; I'll tell you what I suspect. When Iris is at home, and when there's something amiss in my family, I believe that scoundrel Lord Harry to be at the bottom of it. There's my experience, and there's my explanation. I was on the point of ordering my carriage, to go to the doctor myself, and insist on knowing what the attraction is that takes my daughter to his house, when I heard your voice in the hall. You tell me you are interested in Iris. Very well; you are just the man to help me."

"May I ask how, Mr. Henley?"

"Of course you may. You can find your way to her confidence, if you choose to try; she will trust you, when she won't trust her father. I don't care two straws about her other secrets; but I do want to know whether she is, or is not, plotting to marry the Irish blackguard. Satisfy me about that, and you needn't tell me anything more. May I count on you to find out how the land lies?"

Mountjoy listened, hardly able to credit the evidence of his own senses: he was actually expected to insinuate himself into the confidence of Iris, and then to betray her to her father! He rose, and took his hat—and, without even the formality of a bow, opened the door.

"Does that mean No?" Mr. Henley called after him.

"Most assuredly," Mountjoy answered—and closed the door behind him.

CHAPTER XX.

FIRST SUSPICIONS OF IRIS.

From the last memorable day, on which Iris had declared to him that he might always count on her as his friend, but never as his wife, Hugh had resolved to subject his feelings to a rigorous control. As to conquering his hopeless love, he knew but too well that it would conquer him, on any future occasion when he and Iris happened to meet.

He had been true to his resolution, at what cost of suffering he, and he alone, knew. Sincerely, unaffectedly, he had tried to remain her friend. But the nature of the truest and the firmest man has its weak place, where the subtle influence of a woman is concerned. Deeply latent, beyond the reach of his own power of sounding, there was jealousy of the Irish lord lurking in Mountjoy, and secretly leading his mind when he hesitated in those emergencies of his life which were connected with Iris. Ignorant of the influence which was really directing him, he viewed with contempt Mr. Henley's suspicions of a secret understanding between his daughter and the man who was, by her own acknowledgment, unworthy of the love with which it had been her misfortune to regard him. At the same time, Hugh's mind was reluctantly in search of an explanation, which might account (without degrading Iris) for her having been traced to the doctor's house. In his recollection of events at the old country town, he found a motive for her renewal of intercourse with such a man as Mr. Vimpany in the compassionate feeling with which she regarded the doctor's unhappy wife. There might well be some humiliating circumstance, recently added to the other trials of Mrs. Vimpany's married life, which had appealed to all that was generous and forgiving in the nature of Iris. Knowing nothing of the resolution to live apart which had latterly separated the doctor and his wife, Mountjoy decided on putting his idea to the test by applying for information to Mrs. Vimpany at her husband's house.

In the nature of a sensitive man the bare idea of delay, under these circumstances, was unendurable. Hugh called the first cab that passed him, and drove to Hampstead.

Careful—morbidly careful, perhaps—not to attract attention needlessly to himself, he stopped the cab at the entrance to Redburn Road, and approached Number Five on foot. A servant-girl answered the door. Mountjoy asked if Mrs. Vimpany was at home.

The girl made no immediate reply. She seemed to be puzzled by Mountjoy's simple question. Her familiar manner, with its vulgar assumption of equality in the presence of a stranger, revealed the London-bred maid-servant of modern times. "Did you say *Mrs.* Vimpany?" she inquired sharply.

"Yes."

"There's no such person here."

It was Mountjoy's turn to be puzzled. "Is this Mr. Vimpany's house?" he said.

"Yes, to be sure it is."

"And yet Mrs. Vimpany doesn't live here?"

"No Mrs. Vimpany has darkened these doors," the girl declared positively.

"There's a young person comes to us," the servant continued. "I wonder whether you mean her, when you ask for Mrs. Vimpany? The name *she* gives is Henley."

"Is Miss Henley here, now?"

"You can't see her—she's engaged."

She was not engaged with Mrs. Vimpany, for no such person was known in the house. She was not engaged with the doctor, for the doctor had gone out. Mountjoy looked at the hatstand in the passage, and discovered a man's hat and a man's greatcoat. To whom did they belong? Certainly not to Mr. Vimpany, who had gone out. Repellent as it was, Mr. Henley's idea that the explanation of his daughter's conduct was to be found in the renewed influence over her of the Irish lord now presented itself to Hugh's mind under a new point of view. He tried in vain to resist the impression that had been produced on him. A sense of injury, which he was unable to justify to himself, took possession of him. Come what might of it, he determined to set at rest the doubts of which he was ashamed, by communicating with Iris. His card-case proved to be empty when he opened it; but there were letters in his pocket, addressed to him at his hotel in London. Removing the envelope from one of these, he handed it to the servant:—

"Take that to Miss Henley, and ask when I can see her."

The girl left him in the passage, and went upstairs to the drawing-room.

In the flimsily built little house, he could hear the heavy step of a man, crossing the room above, and then the resonant tones of a man's voice raised as if in anger. Had she given him already the right to be angry with her? He thought of the time when the betrayal of Lord Harry's vindictive purpose in leaving England had frightened her—when he had set aside his own sense of what was due to him, for her sake—and had helped her to communicate, by letter, with the man whose fatal ascendency over Iris had saddened his life. Was what he heard now the return that he had deserved?

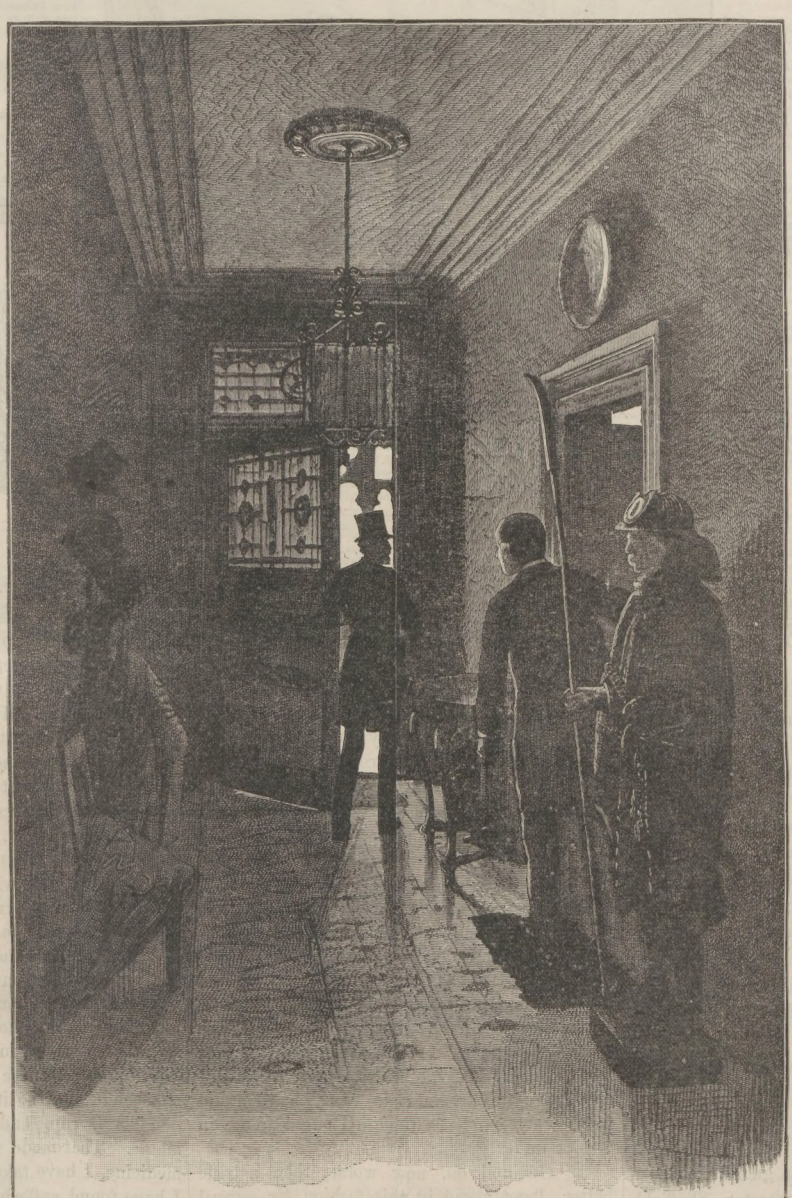
After a short absence, the servant came back with a message.

"Miss Henley begs you will excuse her. She will write to you."

Would this promised letter be like the other letters which he had received from her in Scotland? Mountjoy's gentler nature reminded him that he owed it to his remembrance of happier days, and truer friendship, to wait and see.

He was just getting into the cab, on his return to London, when a closed carriage, with one person in it, passed him on its way to Redburn Road. In that person he recognised Mr. Henley. As the cab-driver mounted to his seat, Hugh saw the carriage stop at Number Five.

(*To be continued.*)



"Does that mean No?" Mr. Henley called after him.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE QUEEN, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, is expected to leave Windsor Castle at the beginning of next week for Osborne, where her Majesty will spend Christmas.

Her Majesty, says *Truth*, intends to go to Italy for five weeks about the middle of March, and she will probably revisit Florence, where the Empress Frederick will then be staying; but there is some idea of her going to Naples, if a suitable villa can be secured for her.

The Empress Frederick has taken apartments at the Grand Hotel, Naples, for a month, after which she proposes to pass a few weeks between Sorrento and Amalfi.

The Prince of Wales came to town from Sandringham on Monday, and visited the Cattle Show. His Royal Highness intends to take the chair at a subscription dinner in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole, on Monday, Jan. 13, for the purpose of appealing to public sympathy to aid in the promotion of a National Leprosy Fund.

Prince Albert Victor went out shooting last week in the neighbourhood of Kolaturpolay, and succeeded in bringing down a fine bison.

The steamer Alagoas, conveying the Brazilian ex-Imperial family, arrived at Lisbon early on Saturday morning, and the King of Portugal went to meet the steamer. The Royal and ex-Imperial party (says the *Daily News* Special Correspondent) disembarked at the Arsenal and drove to the Hôtel de Braganza. The ex-Emperor was very well, but the Empress was feeble and agitated, and had to be lifted into her carriage, while Prince Pedro Augusto was just recovering from a sharp attack of fever which had caused some anxiety. On his way the ex-Emperor stopped at the Pantheon and spent some time in prayer at the tomb of his father. Late in the day he visited the Queen Dowager and the Queen of Portugal. The travellers brought news of the way in which the revolution was brought about. The existence of a revolutionary movement was well known in Court circles, but its immediate success was entirely unexpected.

Captain Plunkett, whose name has become so notorious in connection with the Resident Magistracy in Ireland, died at Cork on the 6th inst., after a lingering illness.

At the Manchester Assizes on the 5th inst. the trial of William Dukes, for the murder of George Gordon, at Bury, in September last, was concluded. Before counsel addressed the jury, the prisoner made a statement—that on the day of the murder he was in drink, that he and Mr. Gordon had some words, and that if he had not defended himself his own life might have been taken. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and sentence of death was passed.

Clapham-rise had its sensation on the night of Dec. 4. An exciting chase after a suspected burglar was witnessed in the Jeffreys-road. Shortly after ten o'clock a policeman was notified that a man had effected an entrance at the rear of No. 31, and, having obtained the assistance of another constable, he immediately gave chase to the fellow, who made for the roof, and, clambering over a stack of chimneys, got on to the gable, along which he crawled to another stack of chimneys. The constable pluckily followed, while his companion and a number of men surrounded the front of the premises. Just as the smart and active constable on the roof neared the man the latter slipped down the slanting roof to the water-gutter, thus letting himself down to the garden in the rear. The constable did the same, and the one in the front ran through the garden gate at the side, and secured the man before he was able to make his escape. The man, who judging from his appearance had been a sailor, was conveyed to Larkhall-lane police-station and charged before the magistrate at Lambeth police-court.

Mr. George Smith of Coalville tells this story in his most recent pamphlet. Meeting a ragged and dirty little gipsy lad in Epping Forest, the following conversation took place: "I asked what his name was. He answered, 'I don't know: I've got so many names. Sometimes they call me Smith, sometimes Brown, and lots of other names.' 'Have you ever been washed in your life?' 'Not that I know of, sir.' 'Were you ever in a school?' 'No.' 'Did you ever hear of Jesus?' 'I never heard of such a man. He does not live up in this Forest.' 'Where does God live?' 'I don't know. I never heard of him neither. There used to be a chap live in the Forest named like it, but he's been gone away a long time. I think he went a-hoppin' in Kent two or three years ago.'"

The South Metropolitan Gas Company, which is threatened by the strike, supplies the whole of South London from Woolwich to Wandsworth, and from the Thames to Streatham, and can produce from 27,000,000 ft. to 28,000,000 ft. of gas per diem, at the rate of 100 tons of coal to 1,000,000 ft. of gas.

There is some idea of starting a Wedding Reform Society in England. The money that is lavished upon the marriages of many young couples would suffice to keep them in housekeeping for a year or so.

Mr. Robert Browning's return from Venice to London, which was expected last week, has been postponed in consequence of a severe attack of bronchial catarrh. The poet is very ill at the Rezzonica Palace, where he is on a visit to his son. The last tidings received of Mr. Browning by private friends have been satisfactory.

An exciting scene was witnessed on Friday week in the neighbourhood of Westminster Bridge-road. Between one and two o'clock a large baboon made its escape from Sangers' Amphitheatre, and ran along the Lambeth Palace-road, biting and snapping at everyone he met. Considerable alarm was caused, but eventually the animal was recaptured and taken back to his cage. Three children were treated at the St. Thomas's Hospital, two of them having been bitten and one knocked down by the brute.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—See Illus. Guide, 229 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11 and 12, Beech-street, London, E.C. Wholesale.—[ADVT.]

"CLEANING SILVER."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using GODDARD'S NON-MERCURIAL PLATE-POWDER. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[ADVT.]

A WORKING-MAN'S PLAIN STORY.

It is a common saying that corporations have no souls. Like most sweeping statements, this is not true. Men are pretty much alike, no matter into what sort of bodies they may be organised. Cases of generosity and humanity on the part of great companies are more frequent than the public is aware of. During the destructive floods in the United States in the spring of 1889, several railway companies gave valuable service for weeks wholly without compensation; and the largest telegraph company in that country did the same. In England the hundreds of employés who have passed their whole lives in the service of a single railway company proves that these organisations are constantly watching their servants, and appreciate ability and fidelity wherever they find it.

Frederick Ellis, a goods guard, has been in the employ of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway thirty years, and up to September 1889 he has resided in the same house twenty-one years—namely, No. 7, Kay-street, Hyde-road, Manchester. How energetic and plucky a man he is is shown by the fact that for a large portion of the time he has done his duty under an especial difficulty. Speaking of that part of his life recently, Mr. Ellis said: "It is eighteen years since I was taken bad with pains in my head. I never felt well, and always seemed to have something hanging over me. It was as though some misfortune was going to happen, I didn't know what, and it made me very watchful and anxious. I was mazy, and had a sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach, tightness of the chest, and a 'wanty' feeling which food did not satisfy; and when I ate I had in a manner to force the food down. The old zest and relish was gone. Still I kept going, for I wouldn't give up as long as I could get on my train and attend to my business. But often it was a tough job, and my hours on duty seemed long and gloomy. I took medicine of different kinds, but the bad taste in the mouth got worse, my tongue was furred, the skin dry and yellowish, and the load and weight on my stomach was like death, although I never ate heartily any more. By-and-by my nerves became so upset I was afraid of myself. I disliked to be alone, for fear I might do something to myself. Yet I stuck to my train and rode many a thousand miles when I felt as though I ought to be in bed or under ground.

"Off and on, now worse, then a trifle better, I got ahead in this fashion for several years. But it was no use. I couldn't shake off my ailment, and the remedies my friends recommended didn't cure it: so I left my work and went to the doctor who belonged to our society and told him how I felt. He treated me, and I was in his hands for about three months, but I felt no better for all he did for me. Being terribly miserable, downcast, and hopeless, I didn't know what to do or where to turn. One day a little book was left at my house, and I picked it up and read it. Among other things, it contained a description of the common ailment—indigestion, constipation, and dyspepsia. That was my condition exactly. If it had been written for me it couldn't have hit the mark any closer. The remedy the book said would cure it was called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. My wife urged me to try the medicine, and I sent to Mr. Holt, the chemist, in Clowes-street, and got a bottle. I found relief in a very short time, and, by persevering, was completely cured and able to go back to work. Other men, friends of mine on the railway, were astonished at my getting well so quickly, and asked what had done it, and I said, 'Mother Seigel's Syrup has done what none of the doctors could do.' My wife used to be so bad with spasms she would writhe with pain and lie prostrate on the sofa for hours, and I would give her brandy or whisky, but it did but little good. She was sometimes so bad the neighbours came in to help her. 'Now,' I said, 'perhaps those spasms are caused by the stomach'; and so it was, for she used Mother Seigel's Syrup, and the pains left her like magic. That made me have such faith in the medicine, I have taken lots of bottles to persons I have found suffering. One old gentleman (I forget his name) living at Grimsby was cured of bad attacks of wind in the stomach and spasms. As for myself, I can say I have been in good health ever since I got acquainted with blessed old Mother Seigel. And now I should like to say to all who knew me, and all who work on the railways, or anywhere else—We are apt to doubt the truth of statements of cures coming from great folk, or from the men that make or sell a medicine, but I think my fellow-workers will believe a plain story from one of their own class who has not a penny to gain by making it. It is for their good I say this, and for nothing else."

MRS. AVELING AND STRIKE LEADERS AT SILVERTOWN.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the threatened gas strike will not come off. Very keen must be the sympathy with all struggles for higher wages on the part of men concerned in the manufacture of gas. The life is really an awful one. The immense furnaces are calculated to suggest to a casual visitor no possible comparison but that of life in the infernal regions. The men are stripped to the waist, and perspire profusely. But the public takes little heed of all this, and their sympathies will not be with the men. Moreover, the practical failure of the Silvertown strike is a serious warning. Very sordid and hard is the life of the people of Silvertown, sketched by our Artist. Their attempts to get better wages have ended in failure. That devoted Social reformer, Mrs. Aveling, the daughter of Karl Marx, and a most eloquent speaker, is portrayed as she addressed a Silvertown gathering on Friday week in sympathetic words.

By the death of Chief-Constable Williamson Scotland-yard has lost one of its most notable officers.

The latest China mail news includes a report that a Chinese mob has attacked the Methodist chapel at Nankang, and totally wrecked the building.

Manchester was thrown well nigh into darkness on Saturday last by a gas strike.

THE RACING WORLD

Fred Archer's Father.

No one who knew how ill was William Archer, father of the late Fred, the great jockey, and William, who forsook race-riding for training, was surprised to hear of his death, which took place at Cheltenham on Saturday last. Archer survived all the perils of cross-country riding to succumb to the effects of an operation for cataract. While the father was riding in steeplechases for thirty years, his eldest son came to a sad end through a fall at Cheltenham in 1878. As it was, the father survived his boy Fred, who, like his sire, began racing on the flat when

He Weighed Only Half a Hundred-weight.

The family trouble from a professional point of view has always been weight. Archer *père* was soon compelled to go in for training and steeplechase riding. He won the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase in 1858 on Little Charley, and in 1862 retired from the profession. Both Fred and Charley, the third son, were very good to the old man.

I am requested to give a tip whenever I think I can benefit readers. Here is a Derby tip:

Let it Alone

till after the Two Thousand Guineas and other important stakes have been decided. The only sensible plan for backing horses for a Derby so long before the event is to work on a scientific principle. In the first place, you must make sure that if you back the half-dozen or so horses you select you will be getting fair prices. Next, you must select the horses best worth backing—there's the rub. Then keep your eyes open for all others who, from market doings—of course, you watch them personally—or training reports—not the newspapers', but your own private touts'—threaten danger. Further, you can on no account miss a chance of getting a little bit the best of wagers in combinations, or what are commonly called lots. Finally, unless you are a very great sharp indeed, you will find that you have an awful lot of money on, stand to lose a great deal and win very little, are committed to liabilities which may not be realised, and wish you had never started a backing book and

Never Heard of the Derby.

I regret to have to chronicle the death of another steeplechase jockey, Tom Hale, who would not have lived so long as he did, poor fellow! but for the generosity of Lord Ailesbury, who, when his jockey was ill, insisted on his going to Australia, and paid all expenses for him. Lord Ailesbury has his faults, no doubt, but in consideration for his employés he was always liberal and considerate to a fault.

To Railway Writers.

I have to thank Manchester for providing me with a very handy little apparatus called "Wryteezy." I suppose no one could guess that the title has anything to do with "Write easy," but it has. The inventor, I believe, had to do a good deal of scribbling against time in the train, and, being an engineer, set to work to get over difficulties arising from oscillation, vibration, and other incidental drawbacks. The difficulty he attacked is generally insuperable to ordinary railway travellers who endeavour to form a solid base of operations, and he has overcome it by providing a sort of compensating platform for the writer's hand, so that book, desk, writer's hand, and all move simultaneously when the train sways or jolts. I can recommend this to all ordinary railway travellers and beginners in sporting reporting. As for veterans like myself, we don't want anything but subject to report, and a book and pencil. A desk of any sort is a luxury, nice in its way, but certainly not a necessity. I reported a prize fight once with an excited partisan of one rival faction illustrating his man's hits on my left side and a gentleman deeply interested in the other gladiator doing ditto for his party by punching my right ribs. Last Derby I took what notes I could while a lady who succumbed to mingled

Excitement, Pressure from the Crowd, and Refreshments

was being brought to, having collapsed on to my back just as Donovan, Miguel, and Co. were at the distance. I have written—but there, why multiply such instances? It is well known that our craft can write anywhere, anyhow.

Rossiter,

who rode for Blanton so long, and particularly in the Derby when Archer on Bend Or beat Robert the Devil, is, I am told, in a lunatic asylum in Germany. The lad seemed to lose his head in that Derby, and afterwards did so in the more serious sense. He frightened me by his evident weakness, and I took some trouble to see him in safe hands after a Goodwood Meeting, not long after Bend Or's victory over Robert the Devil in the Epsom Cup. Later he made a half-hearted attempt to cut his throat at Newmarket, but was supposed to have pulled round, and was riding in Austria till recently, when his case was found to be hopeless.

Katty may Win

a race before the end of the week, and so spoil the value of my tip, but the mare ought to be carefully watched. From what I hear, Messrs. Tattersall will have a grand sale at Newmarket. When they started the December sales at headquarters the racehorse market was not nearly so strong as at present.

Good Thoroughbreds are Worth more than Ever,

and there seem buyers for all sorts and conditions of racehorses, whether they can race or not. We grumble at the foreigners for taking our stock out of the country. Breeders have to thank them for sending up prices at least thirty per cent in the last four years.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

The Oxford Trial Eights.

I wonder what the eighteen competitors, our Special Pastime Artist, and the handful of Old Blues and very ardent outsiders, including an old Ino man who has not for years by any chance missed anything in this line, who formed the entire company at the celebration of the Oxford University trial eights at Moulsford on Saturday last, thought on the subject of the vaunted superiority of winter over summer rowing. With that delightful atmosphere we English all know so well, which is the principal feature of a thaw, and a towpath quite impossible to both pedestrian and equestrian, owing to the squashy remains of the frost and the snow, which se thoughtfully fell all the morning, some, at least, of those present must have allowed the thought to linger in their minds that perhaps Henley, in spite of its dreadfully illegitimate adjuncts of house-boats and champagne-lunches, after all might possess merits of its own.

Never was a more dreary group seen assembled outside the

Beetle and Wedge,

as it pleased someone in the days of homely nomenclature to christen the local riverside hostel; and, as some favoured personages were expected by the 1.5 train out of Paddington, the process known as "kicking the heels about" was indulged in to a very considerable extent, which was also more literal than usual. Whatever Moulsford may be in the summer—and I can answer for it that it is a

Very Nice Place,

especially when the visitor is anything of an angler—in the winter there are more pleasant places. But, of course, the Oxford and Cambridge trial eights concern only the Universities and their adherents themselves, and, if they choose to start a race timed for 2.30 at three o'clock, who shall say them nay?

The task the president of the Boat Club sets himself in selecting the trial eights is twofold: first, he wants to try new men, or old men whom he is anxious to try again; secondly, he endeavours to arrange to have two eights of evenly balanced merit. In the first portion of his task he has to trust much to Providence: if the promising men are not there it is not his fault, though it may safely be said that among so large a body of young men there always are

At Least Sixteen

possessed of rowing promise. The balancing of the two eights is, of course, in the president's province, and Guy Nickalls, the amateur champion sculler, who is president of the Oxford U.A.C., accomplished his delicate and difficult duty with wonderful success on this occasion, the race over two miles of water proving a close one all the way; and, had better judgment been shown by the stroke of the losing boat, the finish would have been closer still. There are two bends in the course, which extends from Moulsford railway-bridge to just above Cleeve lock, the first giving the Oxfordshire boat the inside, the second bend favouring the eight with the Berkshire station. The boat stroked by W. C. Kent, Brasenose, was thought to possess

The Better Chance,

but, although Kent drew the Oxfordshire station, the opposing stroke, P. D. Tuckett, Trinity, started with so much more energy and dash, that, helped by a little stream under the bridge, he led at once, and kept his lead all the way. Kent quickened well when near home, but he was a quarter of a mile at least too late, and was beaten three quarters of a length, the two boats having overlapped all the way, except at the point where the station favoured Tuckett's crew.

The lesson of the race was that Oxford possesses plenty of

Good Material

from which to make up a good eight for next Easter, apart from the men who did duty on the last occasion, of whom no fewer than six will be eligible to row again. The crews of Saturday were as follows:—W. J. Thompson, Exeter (bow), 10 st. 3 lb.; 2, W. E. Robinson, St. Catharine's, 11 st. 4 lb.; 3, A. W. Mahaffy, Magdalen, 11 st. 6 lb.; 4, C. H. St. John Hornby, New College, 11 st. 11 lb.; 5, F. Wilkinson, Brasenose, 13 st. 8½ lb.; 6, F. B. Hicks, University, 11 st. 6 lb.; 7, R. H. Harvey, Christ Church, 12 st. 8 lb.; P. D. Tuckett, Trinity (stroke), 10 st. 12 lb.; W. C. Allen, Exeter (cox), 8 st. 11 lb., first. C. H. Hodgson, Brasenose (bow), 10 st. 8½ lb.; 2, W. Moat, Exeter, 10 st. 9 lb.; 3, R. P. Colomb, New College, 11 st. 11½ lb.; 4, J. A. Ford, Fra·enose, 11 st. 2 lb.; 5, H. C. Dowdall, Trinity, 12 st. 10½ lb.; 6, W. A. Hewitt, University, 11 st. 5 lb.; 7, A. C. Gibbons, Keble, 10 st. 12 lb.; C. W. Kent, Brasenose (stroke), 10 st. 13½ lb.; L. S. Williams, Brasenose (cox), 8 st., second.

The Great Football Match

was that in the League between Preston North End and the Blackburn Rovers, at Deepdale, Preston. Twelve thousand people were present, and play of the very highest order was seen, the enthusiasm being, of course, intense. The Rovers seem to have acquiesced in the opinion as to a goal-keeper, and had engaged a new man, Wilkie of Glasgow, for the position. He arrived only the night before the match, and with his aid the Rovers' defence was so powerful that North End could score once only. The Rovers could do no better, so the two live to fight another day. The defence play on both sides was almost perfect.

The steeplechases of the Spartan Harriers, to whom should surely now be transferred the title of the

"Irrepressibles,"

so long given to another paper-chasing club, and Finchley Harriers, were both fixed for Saturday last. The Spartans, by changing their course, contrived to bring off their fixture, twenty-eight starting; but the snow was too much for the Finchley people, and the race was postponed. As an old paper-chaser, I was under the impression that the more it rained, snowed, or hailed the more certainly would a start take place. Many years ago now the Spartans were severely brought to task by an irate intending competitor because they allowed a frost to interfere with one of their fixtures. As will be seen, they now act in accordance with the tradition of the name they have assumed.

Billiards.

Peall and Taylor, the billiard-players, in their week's match of 8000 up, amply proved my assertion as to the equality of their play. Taylor held a lead of between one and three hundred for five days, Peall catching him on the last day, and when an abandonment became necessary, owing to the lateness of the hour, holding a lead of 138 points, Taylor holding possession of the table with an unfinished 110.

As a contrast to this inability to finish the 8000 in six days, compare Roberts's 12,000, made in the same time against an opponent who could not make him "gallop," although given a start of 5000. A few 300's he, of course, could not help making, just to keep his hand in. But, so far, his

526,

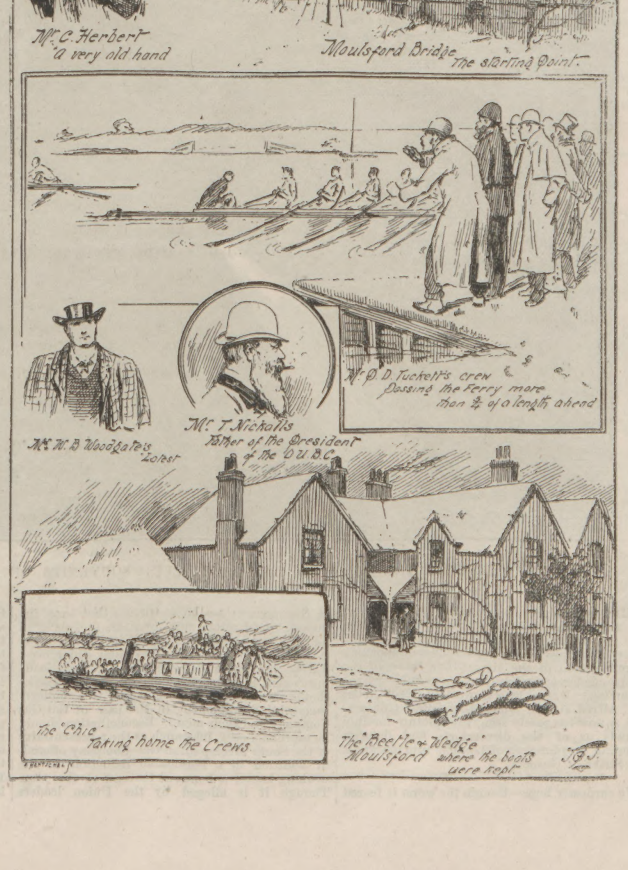
made on Nov. 19, is his largest this season.

When the ice comes in good earnest (no one believes in the stability of a pre-Yuletide frost), I shall have something to say about skating. BANSHEE.

To the Deaf.—Nicholson's Patented Artificial Ear-Drums cure Deafness and Noises in the Head in all stages. Eighty-page Illustrated Book, with full description, free. Dr. Nicholson, 21, Bedford-sq., London, W.C.—[Advt.]

The Sinews of Wealth are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities and staying power are retained and concentrated in Cadbury's Cocoa.—[Advt.]

To Athletes.—Cadbury's Cocoa is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[Advt.]



HOW HISTORY THREATENS TO REPEAT ITSELF: SOUVENIRS OF THE GREAT LONDON GAS STRIKE IN THE DECEMBER OF 1872.

THE deplorable disagreement between the South Metropolitan Gas Company and the gas-stokers recalls the London Gas Strike of seventeen years ago, and renders opportune the publication of the above Illustration of the inconveniences attending that memorable eclipse of London. Drawn by a supremely clever Artist (Mr. Alfred Hunt), whose exquisitely true art-work is now too rarely seen, this picture forcibly reminds us of the discomforts and dangers attending the plunging of London into darkness by a Strike of Gasmen.

* * * * *

We earnestly hope—though the worst is feared at the moment we go to press—that some influential arbitrators may even at the eleventh hour intervene, and successfully prevail upon "Master and Man" to settle their differences. Surely, benevolent leaders of "light and leading" such as ended the London Dockers' Strike should find no difficulty in coming to a similarly successful arrangement in the case of the Gas Company and their men! Reconciliation should be especially easy, inasmuch as the representative of the South Metropolitan Gas Company offered, in addition to a reasonable reduction in the working hours, a bonus at the end of the year. Though it is alleged by the Union leaders that the latter proposal would turn out to be but a delusion and a snare, and was really intended to destroy the Union, there can be no question that in some system of sharing profits will be found the fairest solution of the threatening Labour Difficulty. What could be more just than that the hard workers of the kingdom should share according to their deserts in the profits they materially help the Capitalist to make? Far, far too generally is it the case that the drones rather than the busy bees gain the "lion's share" of the honey in the British industrial hive. At the same time, labourers should not forget that Capitalists have their losses as well as their gains, and that it is to their enterprise that they are indebted for the initiation of great works. In truth, the interests of Capital and Labour are identical; and they are no real friends of their fellow-countrymen who glibly or with light pens urge on a Strike which must occasion untold suffering to hundreds of wives and children—ay, and men too—at the most inclement season of the year.

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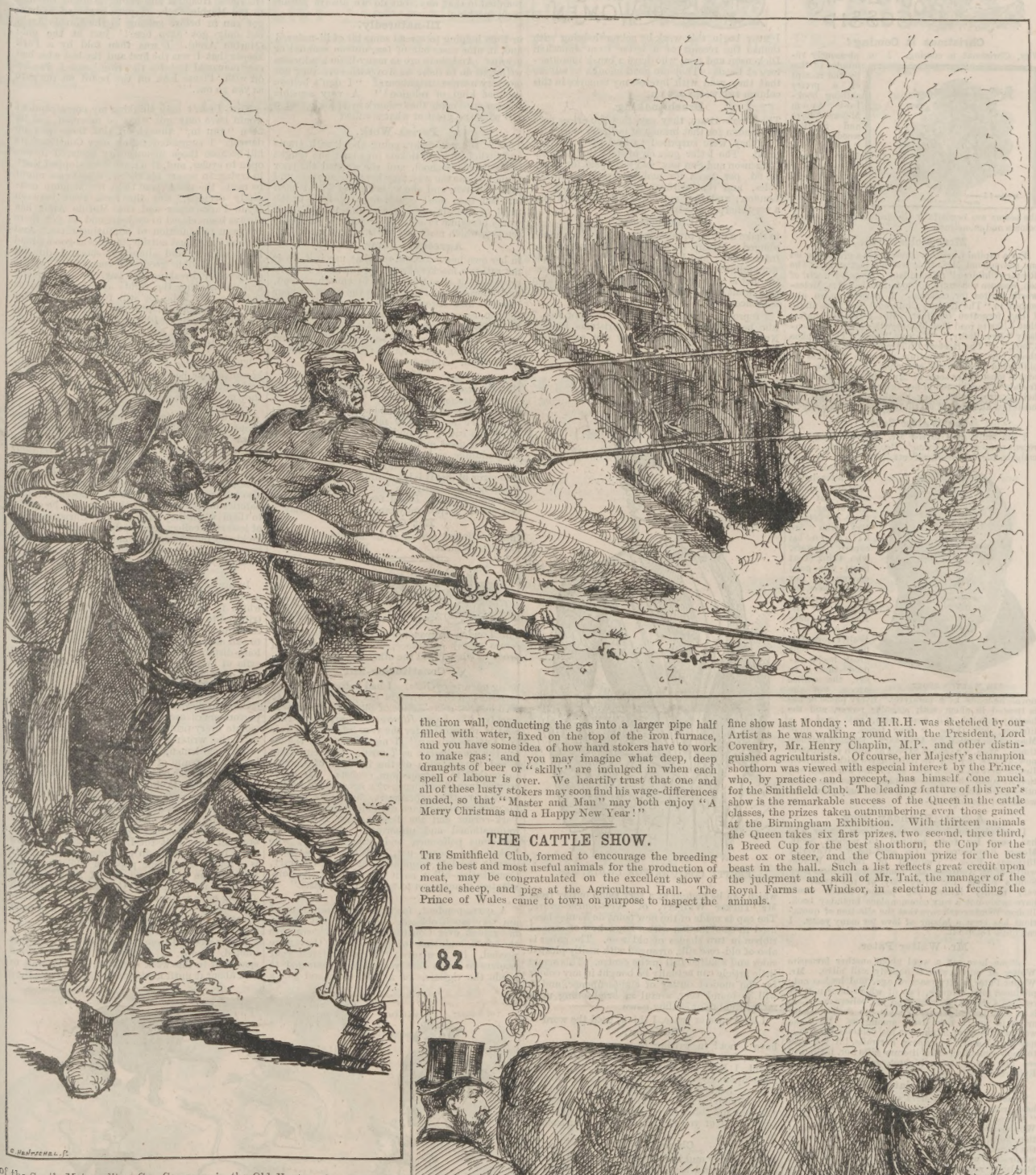
Believing our readers would like to know the conditions of labour in our Gas Works, we dispatched an Artist on Saturday last to the dépôt

LONDON GAS-STOKERS AT WORK: SKETCHED BY A P.I.P. ARTIST LAST SATURDAY AT THE SOUTH METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY'S WORKS.



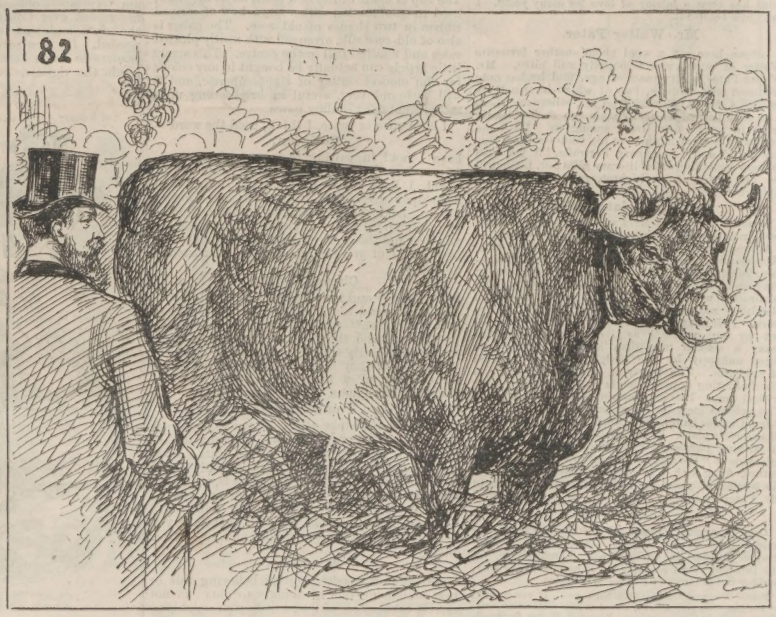
of the South Metropolitan Gas Company in the Old Kent-road. Our Artist presents a vivid Drawing of how the brawny and active stokers work in a

Gas Retort House.

They labour with a will, putting their hearts and souls into their work, which is of an arduous and a trying nature. That their toil is not without peril—though danger is considerably lessened by the precautions now adopted—was painfully proved by the gasometer explosion, which killed ten men and injured many others, at the London Gas Light Company's Nine Elms Works on October 31, 1865. From the picturesque point of view (which has the deepest interest for the æsthetic poseurs we hear so much about), a Gas Retort House is very impressive, quite Rembrandtesque in its bright shafts of light and gloomy shadows, and stalwart Cyclops feeding the hungry furnaces with coal. At first glance one is led to abandon all hope of escape from roasting in this place of Cimmerian darkness, lit up only now and then by bursts of flame and rifts of burning light, illuminating the long line of half-naked coal-stained men working bravely away as though for their very lives. It is hard, terribly hard work, as the sturdy foreman would tell you from long experience. What may be termed the furnace for baking the coal occupies the centre of the Retort House. Picture a long iron wall, pitch black save for a row of glowing holes near the base, and except when a roaring sheet of flame rushes out of the furnace-door while fresh fuel is being added; picture the muscular gas-stokers scooping up coal, and jerking it into the long ovens, and raking out the coke; picture to yourself a series of pipes, which lead out of the vast coal oven, run up outside the iron wall, conducting the gas into a larger pipe half filled with water, fixed on the top of the iron furnace, and you have some idea of how hard stokers have to work to make gas; and you may imagine what deep, deep draughts of beer or "skilly" are indulged in when each spell of labour is over. We heartily trust that one and all of these lusty stokers may soon find his wage-differences ended, so that "Master and Man" may both enjoy "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

THE CATTLE SHOW.

The Smithfield Club, formed to encourage the breeding of the best and most useful animals for the production of meat, may be congratulated on the excellent show of cattle, sheep, and pigs at the Agricultural Hall. The Prince of Wales came to town on purpose to inspect the fine show last Monday; and H.R.H. was sketched by our Artist as he was walking round with the President, Lord Coventry, Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., and other distinguished agriculturists. Of course, her Majesty's champion shorthorn was viewed with especial interest by the Prince, who, by practice and precept, has himself done much for the Smithfield Club. The leading feature of this year's show is the remarkable success of the Queen in the cattle classes, the prizes taken outnumbering even those gained at the Birmingham Exhibition. With thirteen animals the Queen takes six first prizes, two second, three third, a Breed Cup for the best shorthorn, the Cup for the best ox or steer, and the Champion prize for the best beast in the hall. Such a list reflects great credit upon the judgment and skill of Mr. Tait, the manager of the Royal Farms at Windsor, in selecting and feeding the animals.



THE CATTLE SHOW: THE PRINCE INSPECTING THE QUEEN'S CHAMPION SHORTHORN STEER.

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

Christmas is Coming!

Yes, Christmas is coming. I am pleasantly reminded of this by the receipt of a pretty shilling booklet from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, entitled "Round the Merry Year." It contains a series of original poems, one for each month; and the poems are beautifully illustrated by designs in colours and monotints.

Mrs. Molesworth.

For a capital Christmas present for a girl of ten let me recommend Mrs. Molesworth's last story, "The Rectory Children" (Macmillan). I say for a girl of ten, because one ought not to forget that Mrs. Molesworth writes for children. I have been so absorbed in "The Rectory Children" that I am afraid I had forgotten the fact. But I frankly confess that I like to read Mrs. Molesworth's stories, particularly "Herr Baby," "Carrots," and "The Cuckoo Clock." "The Rectory Children" is not so good as these, but it is interesting, although it makes its children a little too self-conscious. By the way, how nice it must be for some of Mrs. Molesworth's child-friends to be gibbeted in her book as choosing for a holiday treat that they should stay in bed for breakfast and not get up till the middle of the day!

Sir Walter Scott.

I am truly glad to see Mr. Andrew Lang in a recent number of *Longman's Magazine* taking up the cudgels for Sir Walter Scott. Of course, it does seem absurd that Sir Walter should need any "vindication" at this time of day. But there *are* detractors who are blind to his superb powers, who think that Scott was good enough for our grandfathers, but is not good enough for us. Believe me, dear reader, Sir Walter Scott's novels are very great books indeed—that is to say, the earlier ones, not the novels he wrote as a paralytic. Every phase of life is treated in them with singular power, and the healthy-minded will read them, not once in a lifetime, but three or four times. Sir James Mackintosh read the "Antiquary" through thirteen times. Well, we cannot expect as much enthusiasm now-a-days, nor can we quite agree with Charlotte Brontë that all novels after Scott's are worthless, and that he alone should be studied. There are many other great English novelists, and I only plead that we should not neglect Scott.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A Scott Birthday Book.

I am glad to discover one veteran writer who has been far from inclined to neglect Scott. Messrs. Remington and Co. send me a "Waverley Birthday Book," compiled by Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews, and containing extracts from Scott's novels for every day of the year. It very rightly ignores the poems, which would have made but a very commonplace birthday book. Bishop Wordsworth says that the selection of quotations has been a labour of love for many years. I can quite believe it.

Mr. Walter Pater.

Let me here say a word about another favourite Writer of mine, who is happily still alive. Mr. Walter Pater is fifty years of age, and he has only produced four volumes, two of which have not yet reached a second edition. And yet, believe me, there is no such perfect master of style, no such splendid artist in words, now living among us. Read the wonderful essays contained in his volumes the "Renaissance" and "Imaginary Portraits," if you wish to know something of his literary gifts; or, if you will see his power at his highest, read "Marius the Epicurean."

"Appreciations."

I naturally speak of Mr. Pater, because I have just been reading his new volume of essays entitled "Appreciations" (Macmillan). It is a happy title. Wordsworth, indeed, says that we live by "admiration, hope, and love"; but there are only too many at the present day who live by anything rather than by admiration, who delight to find out the faults and blemishes rather than the excellences in literary work. It is not true that Keats's life was "snuffed out by an article," as Byron suggested, but many a smaller man than Keats has been rendered unhappy by the sledge-hammer method of criticism. The power of sympathetic and yet discriminating appreciation is no slight gift in these critical times. This gift pertains to Mr. Walter Pater. The volume includes essays on Wordsworth, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Sir Thomas Browne, and two of Shakspere's plays. In every essay there are numbers of striking phrases. What could be better than his reference to "the irony of kingship—average human nature, flung with a wonderfully pathetic effect into the vortex of great events"? By all means, read Mr. Pater's essays. TATLER.

Our Donegal Views.—We have to express our indebtedness to Mr. James Glass, of the Photographic Studios in Carlisle-road, Londonderry, for the Donegal views recently published in this Paper, and for the portrait of Father M'Fadden

Fits.—Epilepsy or Falling Sickness.—If you want to be permanently and speedily cured of this distressing complaint, write to the Secretary, Burwood House, Burwood-place, Hyde Park, London, and he will send you "Gratis" full instructions for cure, and advice on diet.—[Advr.]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

I must begin this week by acknowledging with thanks the receipt of a letter from Jonathan Dickenson and Son, who have a brush manufactory at Leeds. They are good enough to tell me that they read with interest my remarks in this column two weeks ago on

Brush-making.

They were aware, they say, that the prices paid in London for that branch of industry were low, but they were surprised to find them so very small. The letter goes on to state that Messrs. Dickenson and Son pay, and have paid for years, 2s. 6d. per dozen for making brushes with 300 holes, and that without any reduction as in London; and they state also that it would take a very sharp, industrious, and

Clever Hand

to make a dozen brushes in the day. I am much obliged to Messrs. Dickenson for their interesting information, and I heartily wish their example were followed in this great city. But I suppose the fact is there are too many people in London who want work, and wages are lowered in consequence.

I reproduce from the *Lady's Pictorial* of Dec. 7 (the bewitchingly attractive Christmas Present Number) a sketch of a pretty cap and gabot

PRETTY COSTUME FOR CHRISTMAS.

which can be bought at a very small outlay from Mr. Tucker Widgery, of Westbourne-grove. The cap is made of the new point de Venise lace, used in combination with a large bow of striped ribbon in two shades of old rose. The gabot is also of old-rose silk, arranged with neatly pleated sides and a kilted frill in the centre. This smart little article can actually be bought in any colour for the modest outlay of eighteenpence, and it will be found very useful in brightening up a rather sombre or shabby gown.

I have once or twice, I think, used the word

Religion,

have I not? in writing to women about themselves; but, like a great many other people in the world, I have not dwelt upon the subject as I have upon dress, food, recreation, and kindred topics. And yet it would be quite possible to mix religion up with every one of them, although you may not think so. I should not wonder if a great many of you thought religion consisted in going to

Church Twice

every Sunday and in reading goody-goody books (if you are not asleep) between the early dinner and the "high" tea! There are a great many people, too, who think themselves very religious if they go to early service; but it never occurs to them that if they make themselves disagreeable a little later on at the breakfast-table they are decidedly irreligious. As a general rule,

Young People

fall into the mistake (they are not to blame: it comes from the way they are brought up) of associating religion with the idea of death. Now, such a notion is utterly and entirely false. Religion has to do with life—that is, with conduct and character, for how can anyone hope to die well who has lived a life of utter selfishness? The thing is impossible, and all that talk you hear at times about repentance and so forth is simply

Nonsense.

True religion consists, not in believing this or that statement, but in doing your duty: in not merely taking care not to injure your neighbour actively, but by taking care not so say nasty, ill-natured things of him behind his back. The majority of us deserve no credit for not committing murder, or for not picking pockets—we are not tempted in that way; but do we always refrain from speaking

Ill-naturedly,

or from helping to spread some bit of ill-natured and, in nine cases out of ten, untrue scandal or gossip? And there are so many little kindnesses we might do to those we live with—are they not our very nearest neighbours? "I don't believe in that kind of religion!" A very sensible woman once made that remark in speaking of a girl who was great at what is called

Parish Work.

That is, she was always going about with tracts and little books and tickets for soup; she taught in the Sunday-school, and she worried the poor women about the way they kept their houses and their children, and she wore a bit of blue ribbon stitched in a most conspicuous position in the front of her dress: but she did not think it worth her while to control or conquer an odious temper, which made her anything but an

Agreeable Companion

in her own home. Now, of what use is it—is it not rather a mockery?—to bow the head at every repetition of a sacred name in church, if you, metaphorically of course, snap the noses off your brothers and sisters, or the servants who work for you, every time the former open their mouths or the latter happen to displease you?

Next week I may have something to tell you about the conversazione of the British Nurses' Association. Apropos of

Nursing,

there is a capital article on invalid diet in *Cassell's Family Magazine* this month. The hints given in it seem to me to be admirable. About puddings the writer says, "The most ridiculous thing about the eating of puddings is this: after one has had a good and sufficient dinner, on come the puddings, and people really think they can always find a place for pudding. A more laughable error in diet it is impossible to imagine. . . . Pudding is generally the last straw that breaks the camel's back. Bread for an invalid should be toasted." And, only fancy, an invalid may

Eat Cheese!

just the tiniest morsel, if he fancies it, before, not after, a meal. MARGUERITE.

CYCLE & CAMERA

The London correspondent of the *Cyclist* kindly comes to my assistance, and adds a practical proof to what I said the other day about

Constitution-hill

being open to cyclists. I had better quote what he writes on the subject in his paper of Dec. 4: "In last Saturday's issue of that vastly improved weekly, *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, the writer who is responsible for the very interesting Cycle and Camera column" (I am bowing my thanks for the compliment as I write) "therein again mised the question of the freedom of Constitution-hill to metropolitan cyclists. He could only adduce the evidence of a keeper, not having made a practical experiment: but since reading his note we have ridden our Safety between Hyde Park-corner and the Buckingham Palace gate unquestioned and unharmed. As we passed numerous policemen and other officials, who looked and moved not, it would appear that, despite the late announcement to the contrary, Constitution-hill is, as it should be, if the Constitution is any good to us, open to cyclists."

A correspondent, for whose communications I am very much obliged, writes me that he too has ridden over Constitution-hill, and can give the date and time of the ride—if they were needed. He also says: "It may interest your readers to learn that yesterday I managed to evade the vigilance of a policeman, and got a nice spin in St. James's Park" (he must mean Hyde Park), "entering the gate facing St. George's Hospital and riding straight through to the Marble Arch. I quite expected to have got run in before getting to the Marble Arch, but only got 'Stop here!' just at the gate (Marble Arch). I was then told by a Park keeper that I was the first and the last who had ever managed to 'slip the ring,' and I was let off with 'Please look on the board on the gate as you go out.'"

Now, I can't help thinking my correspondent would have only got what he deserved had he been "run in," though of this there was no danger. I suggested riding over Constitution-hill because those in authority declared it was open to cycles, and, if a rider were stopped there in trying to assert his rights, a test case might be made the result, and those rights more definitely decided. But the Park road between Hyde Park-corner and the Marble Arch has always been closed to cyclists, and as yet there has been no question of admitting them. And as Park-lane, just outside, is quite as good a road for machines, and almost as short, I do not see what possible good can come from cyclists deliberately breaking the law. It is by using and not abusing the rights already granted us that we may hope for still further concessions and recognition in the future. Cyclists are still unpopular enough with the general public to be careful not to risk adding by their own actions to that unpopularity.

The committee who have in charge the club-house scheme have been looking for appropriate and central headquarters, so that it looks as if they meant business.

Mr. J. B. Whitgreaves has been writing me about his new Safety attachment. It seems that it was his own difficulty in mounting and dismounting a Safety which led him to its invention, and this is encouraging for the many who know all about the difficulty, but have not, like Mr. Whitgreaves, the genius of the inventor. He also tells me he is fitting it to a dozen or more Safeties for postmen who think it will be a help to them when they have an extra Christmas load of letters to collect from outlying boxes. But as he kindly offers to show me this attachment, I hope later to be able to say something about it from my own experience.

In my last *Bicycling World* I see the announcement of the death of a Mr. E. B. Greatman, which is, without any question apparently, attributed to over-exertion in a long-distance road race from Buffalo to Rochester. It is only right to call attention to an incident of this kind, for long-distance racing is fast becoming one of the evils of cycling. Can anyone claim, the *World* asks, if wheeling or wheelmen are benefited by such performances? "Does anyone think that the sight of the rider, lamed and dirt-begrimed, is one that elevates the sport? No, indeed; such performances are foolish and injurious. They violate every principle of sport." I quite agree with the writer's conclusions: "Race if you must, gentlemen, but please don't let it go beyond the realm of moderation and enjoyment: let wheeling ever be known as the most beautiful, not as the most brutal, of sports."

Perhaps readers of the *Penny Illustrated* will be interested to know what Irishmen think of their paper. The *Irish Cyclist and Athlete* says: "We are glad to see that the London *Penny Illustrated Paper* is increasingly in evidence in Ireland. It is a sound, wholesome paper of well-illustrated news of the week; and one of its permanent headings is 'Cycle and Camera,' under which cycling news is discoursed upon in an unconventional style": (I again make my bow), "and good illustrations of interest to cyclists appear."

I have received from "Fæd," of the paper just quoted, a copy of *Dufferville*. As I have no space left in this week's column, I must wait to talk about it until next week. N. C. U.

OUR ARTIST'S DREAM OF THE CATTLE SHOW AND BARNUM'S—MIXED.

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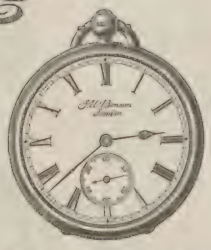

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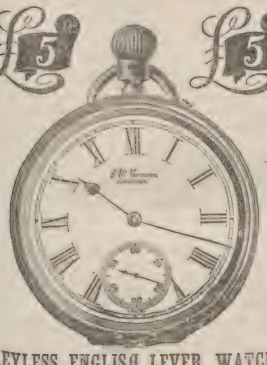

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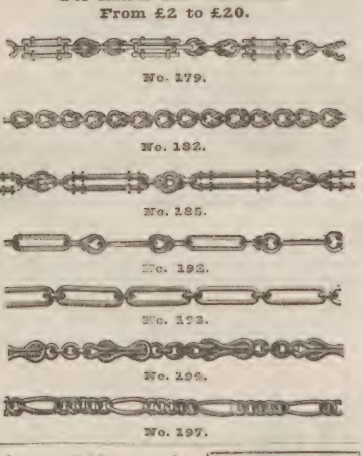

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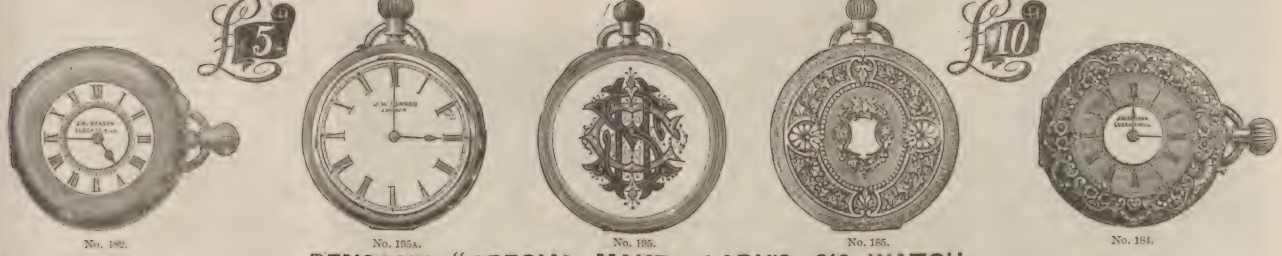

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CITIES AND TOWNS OF ENGLAND.

MANCHESTER.—I.

(By Our Own Social Traveller.)

EMERSON said that entering Manchester was very like stepping into a gasometer. It depends, perhaps, upon the time of year and the kind of weather. The first time I ever went to

Cottonopolis

it was a beautiful summer day, and the great warehouses and tall chimneys and huge bridges were bathed in a flood of golden light, which seemed to redeem them from the dominion of dulness and to clothe the whole region in an atmosphere of poetry. But since then I have had occasion to visit Manchester scores of times, and my experiences have been largely of the gasometer kind. The city is generally enveloped, during the winter months, in more or less of fog. Sometimes it is excessively dense, of the blackish-yellow variety, almost solid, and which

Challenges London's Supremacy as a Fog-centre.

I well recollect one winter night emerging from the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway terminus, whither I had arrived from Oldham, into a great sea of dense dark vapour through which not even street-lamps could be seen. You heard dimly, as from earth's central regions, the hoarse voices of cabmen through the mirk, but you could not see them: you could see nothing, not even your hand when held half a yard away. My hotel was only five minutes' distance from the station, yet it took me twenty-five minutes to reach it, sounding on my dim and perilous way through this huge black vapour-bath.

This record of a fog is not by any means intended to deter you from visiting the city. Why, it is a new experience in life, and a most interesting one, to encounter such a fog as that. There are

Unfortunate American Millionaires

who live in places where they do not have fogs who would gladly buy up such a fog as that if it were in the market, just as Mark Twain's relative took to buying up remarkable echoes. To look back on a good thick solid business-like Manchester fog is like the memory of one's first glimpse of the sea, of the Alps, of Niagara—a life-memory. Add to an ordinary Manchester fog the deeper darkness occasioned by a Gas Strike such as the city has been, unfortunately, suffering from, and you have a champion fog.

Well, when you can see them, there are all kinds of interesting spectacles in Manchester besides fog. Let me first, however, give a few facts about Manchester which may help you to realise the manner of place it is.

Its Population,

according to the census of 1881, was 341,000. That is, Manchester proper. But there is also Salford, which is hardly distinguishable geographically from Manchester, though legally distinct, and which had in 1881 a population of 176,000. The two towns are separated by a stream of darkish liquid mixed with water, called

The River Irwell,

and crossed by several bridges. There are other black streams, called the Tib and the Irk, the former covered over almost entirely by streets and warehouses. You see, then, that the two places had a good deal over half a million people in 1881. They probably have 600,000 together now. And, as each has its extensive suburbs and adjoining towns and villages, the numbers mount up higher. Practically there are continuous houses all the way between Manchester and Oldham or Stockport.

The Big City

has been mostly dug out of its fields of clay. The material used in building is generally red brick; and the place never therefore looks quite so dingy in its poorer parts as do the white-brick houses which make up so much of London.

Manchester is a vast railway centre. The London and North-Western, Midland, Lancashire and Yorkshire, Cheshire Lines and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln all meet here.

The Railway Accommodation,

both express and suburban, is excellent. There are no two cities in the world which enjoy such perfect communication by train with each other as do Manchester and Liverpool. How envious must the London suburban passenger feel when he learns that all these trains on three separate lines of railway are in the habit of departing and arriving exactly at the minute! There are within the city four railway termini—London-road, Central, Exchange, and Victoria—besides several local stations.

London-road

is the terminus of the London and North-Western and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln, from London. Let me suppose you to have arrived there. You make your way down a long causeway, and, turning to the right, find yourself in a street with a name familiar to Londoners—Piccadilly. Yes: it is Piccadilly, but very different from the London street of that name. There is no circus, with the "Pav." and the "Cri." No Green Park, no aristocratic loungers, no private mansions, no long parade of carriages. You are more likely to see big lorries, laden with bales of cotton and drawn by splendid, powerful horses. It is a street of workers, not idlers. You observe the tall, well-built edifices, all denoting solidity, and impressing you with a sense of the vast sweep of modern trade. If it should happen to be night, you will notice how brilliantly the long vista before you is lighted.

The buildings on your right are mostly warehouses and shops, with an hotel here and there. On your left is a large hotel—the Queen's—the best known of Manchester hostelries. On the other side of the Queen's, you pass at right angles a long straight street with immense piles of buildings on either side. It is Portland-street, and the buildings are the great warehouses belonging to Manchester's merchant princes. On the other side of Portland-street, at the corner of that street and

Piccadilly,

is the infirmary, a large edifice consisting of three sides of a quadrangle (one of which was raised by money taken at two concerts given by Jenny Lind). In front is a large space where men out of work are fond of lounging about, with four statues, of Wellington, Watt, Dalton, and Peel. Dalton was the great chemist, a native of Manchester, and of whose memory every good Manchester man is proud.

On the other side of the infirmary is Mosley-street, parallel with Portland-street, and, like it, lined with big warehouses that range their huge fronts in orderly array on either side. Opposite to Mosley-street, on the other side of Piccadilly, is Oldham-street, a thoroughfare of shops down which you go to reach the dingy region of Ancoats. Oldham-street leads to Oldham-road, and that straight through to the cotton-spinning town of Oldham—a very dreary walk of seven miles which I once did, every inch of it, in order to see the country. I shall not, however, repeat the journey, nor would I advise you to take it.

We keep along Piccadilly and emerge on the other side of the crossing into

Market-street, the Busiest Street of Manchester,

its Strand or Cheapside, only wider and better lighted, and crowded with humanity all day-long. It contains good shops, restaurants, &c., but nothing of note till you arrive at the Exchange, at the corner of Market and Cross-streets. This is a

MRS. JOHN MARK, THE MAYORESS OF MANCHESTER.

ALDERMAN JOHN MARK, THE MAYOR OF MANCHESTER.

From the Photographs by Mr. Franz Bawm, St. Ann's-square, Manchester.

THE GRACIOUS REIGNING HOST AND HOSTESS OF MANCHESTER.

MANCHESTER ILLUSTRATED: PICTURESQUE PICCADILLY.

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LONDON RAMBLES: GATEWAY TO GREAT ST. HELEN'S, BISHOPSGATE.

very fine Italian building, black with smoke, of course, but otherwise satisfactory and impressive. The great hall inside is one of the largest in England, having a clear span of 240 feet. You should see this hall on market days—Tuesday and Friday—and you would not easily forget it. You don't see the floor; you simply see a vast sea of black hats covering the heads of some of the most solid and sagacious business men in the world. Here they are, from Oldham, Blackburn, Bolton, Stockport, Burnley, Preston, Bury, Accrington, Darwen, and a score of other towns, buying and selling that white fluffy fabric the absence of a supply of which would be almost the severest blow that could be struck at the commercial prosperity of England. You pass out of the building with a sense of the power and magnitude of commerce which you can scarcely feel to an equal degree elsewhere, and find yourself in Cross-street.

(To be continued.)

MANCHESTER'S MAYOR AND MAYORESS.

ONE of England's northernmost counties gave London one of the best Lord Mayors we have had for some time in Alderman Sir James Whitehead. The same picturesque part of England—charming Cumberland—has rendered the great city of Manchester the service of furnishing it with a remarkably good Mayor in the person of good-looking Alderman John Mark—a Man of Mark, indeed, in "Cottonopolis." Yes; John Mark was born in the December of 1832 in the quiet village of Greystoke, Cumberland. His family were much respected, and belonged to that very estimable body the Society of Friends. He began the struggle of life early, and soon mastered the intricacies of the tea and grocery trade. He was only twenty-one when he went to Manchester, but his marked ability, his zeal, integrity, and industry were so speedily recognised by the firm of Richardson and Roebuck, Market-place, that he was within a few years made a partner.

Mr. Mark was, later on, led to embark in business on his own account in St. Ann's-square, his well-known establishment in which central position is now deservedly cited as among the most notable houses in Manchester. Naturally, Mr. Mark, successful as a merchant, has taken the deepest interest in the welfare, first of every employé in his busy hive, and next in the city of his adoption. Well meriting the honour to be chosen Mayor of Manchester, Mr. John Mark is fortunate to have so charming a wife as the present Mayoress to share with him the graceful task of dispensing the hospitalities of Manchester's Mansion House. We have much pleasure in publishing portraits of his Worship and of his genial wife.

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour
Lined shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

LONDON RAMBLES.—No. X.

THOSE of my readers who know and care for

St. Bartholomew's,

through which I have been rambling lately, may be interested in the contents of a letter I have received from Mr. G. Woolley, the Ludlow publisher. He writes to tell me of an etching made in the church by Mr. Oliver Baker, a fellow of the Society of Painter-Etchers. Rahere's tomb is in the foreground, and from it stretch the Norman arches of the nave, with the triforium, and just two windows of the clerestory showing. The etching has an archæological value, as it was made before the late restorations. Proofs of it are to be seen at Mr. Leggatt's Gallery, 62, Cheapside.

There is another old church in the City scarcely less interesting and probably not better known than St. Bartholomew's. This is

St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.

It is one of the few that escaped the Great Fire of London. Fine as are many of Wren's churches, we cannot but regret the loss of the more ancient ones which they replaced, especially as we still have St. Helen's and St. Bartholomew's to show us how beautiful they must have been, and how important architecturally.

Like St. Bartholomew's, you might pass St. Helen's and never see it. From crowded,

Busy Bishopsgate-within,

close to old Crosby Hall, best known as a good dining place, a low unobtrusive gateway opens into a court where the quiet of all these City enclosures reigns, and where a few trees, pleasantly green in the summer-time, shadow a shabby little grey church that lifts an unassuming belfry above their highest branches. Not very impressive is the exterior of St. Helen's. Perhaps the finest architectural bit is the

South Doorway,

attributed to Inigo Jones, and bearing the date 1633. For it belongs to that seventeenth century which produced so much that is lovely in the churches and secular buildings not only of England but of the entire Continent, but which lovers of Gothic work would have us believe was, artistically and architecturally, a worse than barren age.

But there is little to suggest the very impressive history of St. Helen's, nothing to show that, compared to it, St. Bartholomew's is really young. For it was

St. Helen,

the mother of Constantine, who gave her name to the church, and Constantine himself, so it was said, who founded it in her honour. A Roman basilica may possibly once have stood here, but of it, and the Saxon building that received the body of King Edmund the Martyr during the Danish troubles of the eleventh century, and whatever Norman innovations may have been made when the church passed into the hands of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, nothing now remains.

"A SIMPLE FACT ABOUT" KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. Ask throughout the world, in any country that can be named, you will find them largely sold. There is absolutely no remedy that is so speedy in giving relief, so certain to cure, and yet the most delicate can take them. One Lozenge gives ease. Sold in 13½d. Tins.—[ADVT.]

The Church

as it is dates back, save in some more modern details and additions, to the days when it belonged to a convent of Benedictine nuns, and when all along the street, now lined with shops and offices and eating places, stretched the conventual buildings, the dormitory and refectory, the parlour and hall, the kitchen and offices. And where now stand dingy, blackened, in no way interesting houses, once were cloisters and gardens, with nuns—their black veils flying—walking to and fro, telling their beads, or whispering to each other the pleasant, harmless convent gossip. But the poor Benedictine nuns went the way of all other nuns and monks in the reign of the Defender of the Faith; and of all their many buildings, only the church survives.

Again like St. Bartholomew's,

The Interior of St. Helen's

far surpasses whatever hopes of picturesqueness the exterior may have raised within one. I always remember it best as I saw it first, one Sunday morning when I strayed in by chance. Service had already begun, and so I took my place in the almost empty north aisle, once the Nuns' Choir, raised a few feet above the other aisle where knelt the small congregation. In front of me were a few old women, bent and wrapped up in shabby shawls, sitting with the weariness of old age throughout the service. To my left I saw a beautiful old tomb with a flat top, and on it a fair white cloth was laid, bearing a dozen loaves or more. And then I knew why the old women were waiting. Here was one of the quaint old charities to administer which is the duty of many English churches that have long since so entirely outlived their congregation that one wonders of what use they are in these latter days. I must say something more next week of the interior of St. Helen's.

RAMBLER.

LONDON'S FIRST MAYOR

was represented so prominently in the welcome bit of old-world pageantry Lord Mayor Sir Henry Isaacs introduced on the Ninth of November that we have thought it of interest to reproduce an accurate portrait of that historic personage, Henry Fitzailwin. It will serve as companion picture to the photograph of the new Lord Mayor. An engrossing chapter is it of civic history which tells of good Mayor Fitzailwin, who was appointed City King five hundred years ago, and who had doings with the great and small men of the time of Richard Cœur de Lion and of King John.

WINDFALLS FROM NEW ZEALAND.

To the Editor of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."

SIR,—Few people are aware that "lists of persons deceased in New Zealand, of whose estates letters of administration have been granted to the Public Trustee," are periodically published in the *New Zealand Gazette*. These valuable lists are not intended for general circulation, and are only to be seen at the offices of the Agent-General, or in the official publication above noted.

Many of the names in these lists are described as of persons formerly resident in the United Kingdom, consequently it is more than likely that their kindred are not only unaware of the deaths of their relatives, but also of the fact that a "windfall" awaits them. To show the very valuable nature of these lists it is only necessary

LONDON'S FIRST MAYOR, HENRY FITZAILWIN.

to quote the following items, which have appeared during the past few months:—

Name of Intestate.	Amount of Estate, under	Name of Intestate.	Amount of Estate, under
James Bradford...	£ 250	John Overend ...	£ 500
Isaac Brown ...	200	F. and F. B. Pook	2000
Michael Fagan ...	400	Emma Rash ...	200
James Galbraith ..	200	George Reid	250
Denis Hurley .	176	R. Ritter	2500
John Langmuir ...	610	William Roe ...	250
Frederic Ledger ...	200	William Sinclair	1576
Hy Livingston ...	6000	Martha Smith ...	300
Harriett Looke ..	400	Elizabeth M. Swan	300
Thomas Maloney	500	John Thompson ...	1000
John O'Brien ...	100	R. H. Vincent ...	1250
Matilda Orr... ...	300	Richard Wilson ...	190

Newspaper publicity has, in so many instances, proved so very valuable concerning unclaimed moneys, that it would seem very desirable to publish these lists in the leading newspapers. A precedent for the suggested publicity has recently been made by the Cape Government, in relation to lists of persons dying intestate at the Cape of Good Hope, leaving money for their "absent, unknown, and foreign heirs."

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
SIDNEY H. PRESTON
(Owner of the copyright of "Unclaimed Money").
1, Great College-street,
Westminster, S.W., Dec. 7, 1889.

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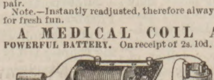

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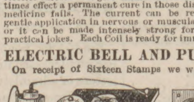

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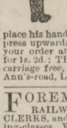

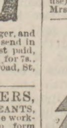

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3s. SEWING MACHINE

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This is, without doubt, the most extraordinary Shilling's-worth ever offered: and, as this Advertisement may not appear again, early application is requested.
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The Two Lots for the price of One.

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FOR THIS MONTH ONLY,
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The links are every one stamped 18c., and cannot be told from one costing 20 guineas.

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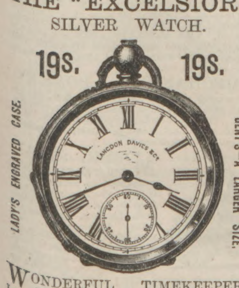
THE "EXCELSIOR"
SILVER WATCH.

19s. 19s.



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A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL ALLOWED.

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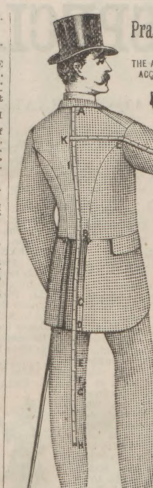
Belgrave House, Bristol-street, Birmingham.
WATCH CLUBS SUPPLIED.



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What lovely Novelties.
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Gold PEA
Medal FLOUR.
For Soups, &c. EASILY DIGESTED.
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"MARAVILLA" COCOA.
Sold in Tin-lined Packets only by all Grocers.

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Making a delicious beverage of the consistency of Tea.
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Town and Country Dealers will find no better house. Trade Price-Lists free by post. All orders to the amount of £2 and upwards carriage paid to any railway station within 250 Miles of London; beyond that distance 5 per cent will be allowed off Invoice in lieu of carriage; and all orders to the amount of £1 carriage paid within Carter, Paterson, and Co.'s delivery. Goods delivered in town and Suburbs by our own vans daily. Send for List of Christmas Goods, now ready.

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'Good Taste with Economy.'
Wholesale City Prices.
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PARIS EXHIBITION,
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The Choicest and Cheapest Stocks of
DRESS FABRICS, SILKS, & VELVETS.
PATTERNS FREE.
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Patterns sent of all the
NEW DRESS FABRICS,
From 6d. to 2s. 6d. per yard.
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PATTERNS FREE.
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Handsomely Braided by Hand in all Colours of Scotch Foulé or Vienna Cloth, including material for Bodice, £1 8s. 6d.
The same in All Wool, Amazon, Estemane Serges, and Venetian Cloths, £1 15s. 6d. Making Bodice, 8s. 6d. extra.

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CHLORODYNE.

CAUTION :—
GENUINE CHLORODYNE.
Each Bottle of this well-known Remedy for
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SAVE YOUR LIVES BY TAKING
OWBRIDGE'S
LUNG TONIC.
THE MIGHTY HEALER.
HAVE YOU A COUGH?
A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.
HAVE YOU A COLD?
A DOSE AT BEDTIME WILL REMOVE IT.
Sold Everywhere.
1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s. per Bottle.

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FOR
CHRISTMAS.

We would recommend Readers of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER to send Nine Stamps for a Bottle of
MASON'S WINE ESSENCE.
The Wine would be in splendid condition for drinking at Christmas.
FLAVOURS.
Ginger, Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Red Currant, Black Currant, Strawberry, Peppermint, Lime Fruit, Cowslip, Cherry, Warmine (a Winter Punch).

MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS,
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BOTANIC BEER,
A NON - INTOXICATING BEVERAGE,
composed of
YARROW, DANDELION, COMFREY, AND HOREHOUND.
One Tablespoonful makes a Gallon.
Full of Body and Flavour, with a Creamy Head like Bottled Ale; the most perfect substitute for Alcoholic Drinks ever discovered, for either Summer or Winter use.
Sold in Bottles, at 6d., 1s., 2s., and 5s. each, with Directions.
Sole Inventors and Manufacturers:
NEWBALL and MASON,
Manufacturing Chemists and Botanic Druggists,
PARK PLACE, NOTTINGHAM.
SPECIAL.
A Sample Bottle, enough to make Eight Gallons, sent, carriage paid, to any address for nine stamps; or a Sample of Wine Essence and Extract for fifteen stamps.
Agents Wanted.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR!
TO BE GIVEN AWAY!
50,000 CHARMING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
Don't Miss This! Send at Once for
OUR GRAND MONSTER
CHRISTMAS PARCEL.
BETTER THAN EVER.
CUSTOMERS DELIGHTED.
1s. CHRISTMAS CARDS and NOVELTIES. 1s.
Extraordinary Value! Selling by Thousands!
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Unanimously declared by the London Press to be without exception, the
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SEE PRESS NOTICES.
The Parcel contains the whole of the following splendid assortment of artistic novelties: More than five shillings'-worth of Christmas, New Year, and Birthday Cards, also Love, Easel, Mechanical, Shaped, and Silk-Fringed cards, pretty Scraps, Booklets, &c., splendid representations of Cathedral Stained-Glass Windows (gratis).
RICHLY COLOURED RELIEF SCRAPS.
Pretty variety of beautiful Embossed Scraps, Ferns, Flowers, &c., six handsome sheets, including three centres, Pat's Love-Letter, and Millais's charming pair "The Huguenots" and "The Black Brunswicker," works of Art finished in the highest style of chromo-lithography.
Very Pretty Illustrated Booklet.
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Beautifully printed in colours with monochrome etchings and original verse; forms a very pretty present.
NOVEL MECHANICAL CARD.
When open representing a pretty flower-garden.
Very Handsome Sixpenny
SILK - FRINGED CARD.
With Silk and Tinsel Cord to hang.
THREE BIRTHDAY AND LOVE CARDS.
By Stevens, of Coventry. Handy for inclosing in presents.
Three Shillings'-worth of Charming
CHRISTMAS AND NEW - YEAR CARDS.
A carefully selected Parcel of Thirteen choice designs, including some very artistic-shaped Cards, Bells, Fans, gilt and silver bevelled edge, and Easel Cards, which alone are worth more than the price charged for the whole Parcel.
And lastly, in addition to the above marvellous value, we present gratis a pair of new Transparent Pictures, the most perfect substitute for costly.
STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS.
Rich designs for decorating hall-lamps, conservatories, fern-cases, and any window decoration. Sure to be admired.
The whole of the above marvellous Shilling's-worth will be sent post-free for 14 Stamps, or two, differently assorted, 26 stamps. P.O.O. or Postal Notes preferred.
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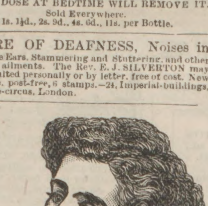
POSITIVELY FORCES
LADIES' HAIR, or WHISKERS & MOUSTACHIOS,
To grow heavily in a few weeks, without injury to the skin, and no matter at what age.
THE WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY
FOR BALDNESS,
From whatever cause arising. As a producer of
WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS
It has never been equalled. As a Curer of Weak and Thin Eyelashes,
Or Restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour, never fails.
1s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per Bottle, from all Chemists and Druggists, or sent direct, free from observation, on recipt of 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., 3s. 10d., and 6s., P.O. preferred; Testimonials, also a valuable Treatise on the Cultivation of Hair and some extraordinary facts of the efficaciousness of the Harlene included.
TESTIMONIAL.
From Mr. R. RUSSELL, Beechfield, Amplon-road, Birmingham.
"Nov. 21, 1887.—Sir,—Please send another Bottle of your excellent remedy. The bald crown of my head is now quite thickly covered with new hair. It shows what a valuable remedy your 'Harlene' is: I shall not forget to show others who are like myself."



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We bind ourselves to send to any reader of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* who sends us this Coupon, with a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. and 6d. to cover postage, package, &c., ONE REGULAR 5s. 6d. BOTTLE OF EDWARDS' INSTANTANEOUS AMERICAN HARLENE, provided it is ordered within One Month from date of Coupon. We make this offer solely for the purpose of making our spécialite more widely known, and extending the sale of our HARLENE without spending enormous sums in advertising. By this means the public reap the benefit. We are sure it will have the desired effect, and when once used will always be.
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Any person may, by sending to us, have a Coupon, provided we are then issuing them.
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WYLWYRWELL CLOTH (REGD.)
NEW MATERIAL FOR LADIES DRESSES.

We will send a FULL DRESS LENGTH OF BEAUTIFUL CLOTH (for good, strong, serviceable wear), in any of the following colours, CARRIAGE PAID TO ANY ADDRESS for 10s. 6d. Colours: Black, Blue, Fawn, Salmon, Reseda, Slate, Old Rose, Crushed Strawberry, Ruby, Brown, Grey, Claret, Sage, Terra-Cotta, Amber, Peacock, Tabac, Smoke Crimson, Electric, Bronze, Myrtle, Drab, Olive, Grenat, Green, Navy, Heather, and all the Newest Colours for the present season. These wonderful Dress Lengths have gained a world-wide reputation for magnificence, cheapness, and durability, having no equal.—"Weldon's Illustrated Dressmaker" says: "These excellent Dress Cloths will give every satisfaction." "Lady's Pictorial" says, "These Half-Guinea Dress Lengths are strong and durable, and will stand any amount of rough wear." "The Queen" says: "Mr. Lutas Leathley's 10s. 6d. Cloth Dresses are extraordinarily cheap. The Countess of Westmeath begs to say she was very pleased with the Cloth Dress Length sent her by Mr. Lutas Leathley, which has given much satisfaction."
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AN AMAZING OFFER. We will GIVE a very handsome Brocaded Silk Handkerchief with each Dress Length purchased from us during the season. These handkerchiefs are excellent in quality and design, and may be had in white or cream.
SPECIAL NOTICE. Patterns of our wonderful 10s. 6d. CLOTH DRESS LENGTHS will be sent post-free to any address. We give the PATTERN FREE, so that LADIES who write for our PATTERNS have not the trouble and expense of returning them. Write at once for a full List of Patterns and you will be astonished when you see them.
LUTAS P. LEATHLEY and CO., Cloth Dress Warehouse, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Celandine
Removes Corns by the Roots in a week when other Remedies fail. Easily applied. Worn with the tightest boot. Thousands of testimonals free; or a Bottle, post-free, 14 stamps, from CHAVE and JACKSON, Chemists, Hereford. Agents everywhere.
F. Hurrell, Esq., Boreham, Chelmsford, writes:—"'CELANDINE' removed my corns without the slightest pain, I have since cured eight men in my employ."

I CURE FITS
AND TO PROVE IT
"I will GIVE A BOTTLE of my Remedy for Nothing, so that Sufferers may have an opportunity of testing the truth of what I fearlessly state."
THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES OF THIS MARVELLOUS MEDICINE GIVEN AWAY EVERY YEAR.
I have made a life-long study of the disease of Fits, Epilepsy, or Falling Sickness, and when I say CURE, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a RADICAL CURE. I have known my Remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed to cure you is no reason why you should continue to suffer. Send at once for my TREATISE and a FREE BOTTLE of medicine. It costs you nothing for a trial, and IT WILL CURE!
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THE BEST TEA ON EARTH.
HORNIMAN'S
Ladies are the best judges of Tea, and, in spite of allurements of low prices and consequent low quality, will have the best Tea. This has for sixty years been shown by their always preferring HORNIMAN'S Pure Tea, strong, delicious, and "Always good Alike."
☞ LONDON PRICES:—5d., 6d., 7d., 8d., 9d., 10d., 11d. per ¼ lb.
SOLD by EVANS, opposite Mansion House, and 75, St. Paul's Churchyard; 400 CONFECTIONERS in London; 4000 CHEMISTS in the Country.

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THE CELEBRATED

BIJOU MAGIC LANTERNS

AND SLIDES.

THE SALE INCREASES EVERY YEAR.
NOTHING BETTER FOR A PRESENT.

These carry the palm over all others. Each set is packed in a japanned tin travelling case. The Lanterns and all of the Slides are of superior English make. These are specially got up so as to form nice presents, and will give satisfaction everywhere. No. 1 Set comprises japanned tin case containing a best English-made Lantern, fitted with two lenses, paraffin lamp, glass chimney, silvered reflector, 60 really Comic Figures on 12 long Slides, 3 complete Nursery Tales, each tale having 12 pictures on 4 Slides, making 36 more pictures; 2 Comic Slipping Slides, 2 moving Lever Slides, 2 moving Panorama Slides, 1 "Good Night" Slide, 1 "Welcome," 1 Curtain, 1 Queen, 1 Man Swallowing Rats, 2 Chinese Firework Slides, making 109 pictures in all, complete with instructions, giving a picture on the sheet of 3ft. diameter. Price 10s. 6d. No. 2 Precisely similar, but having a No. 2 Lantern and No. 2 Slides, forming a larger size throughout. Gives a picture 4ft in diameter. Price 14s. 6d. No. 3. Having a No. 3 Lantern and No. 3 Slides. Throughout a very excellent set, giving a 5 ft. diameter picture. Price 21s. Bottles of especially prepared Chemical Oil, giving far superior light, at 1s. 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. Larger sets up to £50. See Illustrated Catalogue.

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MORE ENORMOUS BARGAINS.
SUPERIOR OVERCOAT for 22s. 6d.

It is a well-known fact that we never take up an article unless it is worth taking up. We took up the 16s. MOLDACOT SEWING MACHINE, and sold over 10,000 in six months at 6s. 6d., and had thousands of testimonials. One of the largest Wholesale Manufacturing Clothing Companies in the world has now asked us to introduce to the public their SPECIAL

MELTON CHESTERFIELD OVERCOATS.

They offer them at about 1s. over the actual cost. It is a well-known fact that Tailors obtain an enormous profit, and people pay double and treble what they need do. We have agreed to take this matter up for one month only as a trial, and we accordingly now offer to send, carriage free, a SUPERIOR QUALITY

MELTON CHESTERFIELD OVERCOAT for 22s. 6d.,

equal in wear and appearance to many charged 40s. and 50s. for. The wear of the cloth is guaranteed. The coats are well made in the latest fashion, and offered at this extraordinary price for twenty-eight days only. They can be had in navy blue or dark brown, the blue especially recommended. Specimen of the cloth for two stamps.

Coupon must be cut out and sent with order, and order must be received by us within twenty-eight days to secure at this price.

Only measurements required, number of inches round the chest, and measurement from centre back seam to bottom of coat sleeve, and length desired.

P.I.P. COUPON.

Entitles holder to superior quality MELTON CHESTERFIELD OVERCOAT for 22s. 6d., carriage free.
J. THEOBALD and CO.

Also Boys' and Girls' Reefer Jackets, navy blue, nap, brass buttons, carriage free, any size, 8s. 6d.

THE CHRISTMAS BABY: great fun;

grows to an enormous size, shrivels up to almost nothing, cries, yells, coos, is good, bad, or indifferent as desired. Post-free 1s. 2d., three for 2s 6d. Rag Dolls.—The best-dressed Rag Doll in England, 13 in. high, free 1s. 4½d., best quality only.

KAZOO.—The wonderful Instrument for imitating Punch and Judy, Cats' Concert, Birds, Cock Crowing, and every other Animal or Instrument played by anyone. Post-free, 1s., three for 2s. 6d. Miniature Bagpipes, warranted to play, free, 1s. 2d. The new Mechanical Whistling Locomotive, 5in. long, nickel-silvered, whistles as it runs along, free, 1s. 6d. The little Dancing Devil, dances furiously, 1s. 2d.; Twin Devils, 1s. 8d.

THE CELEBRATED

NORWEGIAN SLIPPERS.

ORIGINAL INTRODUCERS. SALE, 1000 PAIRS DAILY.

We are happy to state we have greatly improved these Slippers at an extra cost, without charging the public any more. They are now made a much better shape, and much stronger throughout, and better quality material, in Scarlet, Blue, and Black. The great advantage of these slippers is that there is no leather, nails, or hard substance to hurt the feet. They are felt throughout, very strong, very nice-looking, and very easy. We send them to all parts of the world; people wear them all the year round. Try one pair, and you will soon send for more. Prices: Ladies', 1s. 6d.; post-free; gentlemen's, 1s. 9d. 2d. per pair discount if three pairs are taken, 4d. per pair discount if six pairs. State size required, and try a pair at once. Customers who once have them always have them. Patent-Leather Shoes, with leather soles, sewn, Ladies' sizes, 2s. 3d.; Gentlemen's, 2s. 9d.; 2d. per pair discount if three pairs at a time are taken.

THE SHADOW PANTOMIME.

Complete Theatre to fit up and take to pieces. Strongly jointed, with large number of figures, and book of words. Free, 1s. 3d. Much superior and larger ditto, with lamps complete, 2s. 6d. The PANORAMA PEEP-SHOW, fitted with handsome front, folding side-wings, lens, silvered reflectors, and six coloured scenes, 1s. 3d.; larger ditto, with twenty scenes and three lamps, 2s. 6d. THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE. Splendid fit-up of theatre, supports, play, and book of words complete. Free, 1s. 6d.; larger size, 2s. 10d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s.

THE CELEBRATED KENSINGTON
2s. 6d. PACKET OF

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

CARDS FOR THIS SEASON.

The Best Quality and Largest Value ever offered by any House.

The No. 1 2s. 6d. Packet comprises the following enormous assortment: 4 Sixpenny Cards, 6 Fourpenny Cards, 6 Threepenny Cards, 6 Twopenny Cards, 20 Penny Cards, all of very superior quality; also 30 Cards of various sizes and kinds, 10 Gold Cards, 5 Silver Bordered Cards, 5 Gold Bevelled-Edge Cards, 12 Easel Cards. A total of 102 Cards, really worth 10s. 6d. These Cards consist of Sea Views, Castles, Meadows, Animals, Birds, Palaces, Cottages, Summer and Winter Scenes, Comic Figures, Flowers, Fruit, and a few Religious Cards. They are thus suitable for everybody, and form one of the grandest selections ever offered to the public. In addition to the above, we give, gratis, in every packet a set of fine Christmas Cards, four in number, illustrating the Artist's Model. We have no hesitation in saying these are perfectly unique, nothing of the kind ever having been attempted before; also 3 Large Cards with Gold Border, "Mamma's Darling." The entire lot as above, carriage free, by Parcel Post, 2s. 6d. Postage abroad, 6d. extra.

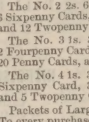
The No. 2 2s. 6d. Packet comprises 36 all Large Cards: 6 Sixpenny Cards, 6 Twopenny Cards, 12 Threepenny Cards, and 12 Twopenny Cards, all of superb quality.

The No. 3 1s. 3d. Packet contains 50 Cards, assorted: 2 Fourpenny Cards, 2 Threepenny Cards, 3 Twopenny Cards, 20 Penny Cards, and 24 assorted Cards.

The No. 4 1s. 3d. Packet, 12 all Large Good Cards: 1 Sixpenny Card, 3 Fourpenny Cards, 4 Threepenny Cards, and 5 Twopenny Cards.

Packets of Large Envelopes, assorted sizes, 6d. and 1s. 3d. To every purchaser of Two 2s. 6d. Packets we give, gratis, a Beautiful Crocodile Leatherette Writing-Case, containing blotter, and compartments for notepaper, envelopes, and cards, lettered in silver.

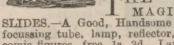
PUNCH AND JUDY SHOWS.—The



Boy's own Punch and Judy, made to fold up and pack away when not in use. 12½ inches high, with coloured curtain, metal adjustment to stage, wooden supports, 6 figures, and book of words. 1s. 3d., free. Much larger, with 12 figures (some of them jointed), book of words, rooti-toot, pandean pipes, and lamp complete, 2s. 9d. Model Theatres, with stage figures and words complete, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d.

THE KENSINGTON MAGIC-LANTERN AND SLIDES.—A Good, Handsome Lantern, with 2 lenses, focussing tube, lamp, reflector, stand, chimney, and 20 comic figures, free, 1s. 3d. Larger ditto, with 40 figures, 2s. 6d. Better still, 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. All warranted to show well.

CLOCKWORK TRAINS, Engine,



tender, and two carriages. Carriage free, 2s. Better quality, 2s. 9d., 3s. 9d., 4s. 6d. Railway with circular lines, 4s., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d.; or with tunnel, or station, passengers, signals, break, &c., complete, 8s. 6d., 13s. 6d., 16s., 18s., 25s., 30s., and 35s.

MAGIC CLOCKWORK MICE. Best quality only. When wound up run all about a room or table, causing roars of laughter and consternation. Post-free, 14d. Rats, double size, 20d. Clockwork Cats, Dogs, Lions, Tigers, Horses. Rabbits, Squirrels, and Ducks, post-free 1s. 2d. each.

GRAND STATIONERY PACKET.

Over 50,000 sold. Each packet contains handsome crocodile leatherette writing-case, fitted with blotter, compartments for note paper, envelopes, post cards and pen-holder, elastic securer, also note paper and envelopes, carved ivorine penholder, paper knife, magnifying lens, five photos on glass, a 4s. copyright song or piece, and magnificent coloured pictures of the Prince and Princess of Wales, ten coloured engravings, beautiful wide gold brooch, oxoide coloured engravings, beautiful wide gold brooch, oxoide gold heart pin, and a pocket handkerchief, carriage free, 2s. 3d.; two packets for 4s. 3d., or three for 6s. Biggest bargain ever offered, carriage abroad, 1s. extra. Send at once.

THE MAGICIAN'S CABINET,

containing ten good Tricks, post-free, 1s. 3d. Boxes of larger and better Tricks, 2s. 10d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s., and 42s.

THE KENSINGTON MODEL STEAM ENGINE. Works by steam for one hour at each operation. Strong metal boiler, brass flywheel, lubricator, brass supports, tripod stand, and furnace complete. Post-free, 1s. 3d. Larger and better models with powerful cylinder and safety-valve, 2s. 9d., 3s. 3d., and 10s. 6d. The marvellous HORIZONTAL ENGINE, brass boiler on large stand 10x7x7, and with working circular saw included, 13s. 6d.

VENTRILOQUISM.—All about it, and

how to learn it. By the great Professor Maccabe, 112 pages, post-free, 1s. 2d. MAGIC and its Mysteries.—How to make conjuring tricks and how to perform them. Illustrated; 142 pages; by Professor Theobald, 1s. 2d. CARD TRICKS, 96 pages, explaining 40 good card tricks, 7d.; RIDDLES and JOKES, 126 pages, 1s. 2d. Thought reading explained fully, 1s. 2d. The magician's pack of CONJURING CARDS, 1s. 2d. and 2s. 8d.

ENORMOUS SCRAP PARCELS.

The biggest value, largest number and best quality ever offered. The Relief Scraps in these Parcels contain six to twelve colours in each picture. No. 1 Packet contains 250 beautifully coloured Relief Scraps and Pictures of Animals, Ships, Farm Houses, Clowns, Niggers, Musicians, Portraits, Games, Royalty, Children, Birds, Flowers, Comic Scenes, &c. Gratis with every packet, a magnificent Puzzle Picture to put together of 322 pieces. The entire lot, carriage free, 1s. 3d. The No. 2 Parcel contains all the above in much larger variety, making 600 pictures altogether; and with every 2s. 6d. packet is presented, gratis, a magnificent 6d. Scrap Picture of Father Christmas, and two magnificent Pictures of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Carriage free, 2s. 6d. Purchasers of two 2s. 6d. Packets receive three 6d. Scrap Pictures, gratis. The No. 3 Scripture Relief Scrap Parcel contains 216 pictures, illustrating scenes in the Old and New Testament. Free, 1s. 3d. Splendid Scrap Albums, 9d., 1s. 3d., 2s., and 3s. each, free.

SEWING-MACHINES GIVEN AWAY.

A Great Company in Liquidation.
Last Few Hundreds Now Selling.

THE CELEBRATED MOLDACOT

SEWING MACHINES.

UNPARALLELED OFFER!

2000 Sold in Three Weeks. Hundreds of Testimonials from Delighted Purchasers. Send stamped envelope for Testimonials and Specimens of Work.

A SPLENDID LOCKSTITCH SEWING MACHINE

complete for 6s. 6d., carriage free. A chance of a century. Owing to the failure of this great company, we have been enabled to buy up 5000 of their BEST QUALITY SEWING MACHINES at 75 per cent under proper price, and thus to sell a practical Family Sewing Machine at less price than is asked for a toy chain-stitch machine. Sewing-machine makers stand aghast and paralysed at our selling machines for 6s. 6d. which work as well as theirs at £10! Once this lot is sold, no more can be had. We could not make them at a guinea each. These machines are suitable for either finest or coarsest work. No catchpenny advertisement. The biggest bargain ever offered. Call and see them. Each machine silver-plated. All orders must be sent within 28 days. Coupon must be cut out and sent with each order. A COMPLETE, THOROUGH, PRACTICAL LOCKSTITCH SHUTTLE SEWING-MACHINE, carriage free, 6s. 6d.; Two for 12s. 6d.; Three for 18s. Extra Needles, 1s. per dozen. Never another chance like this. The Machines were obliged to be sold by the Official Liquidator at any price offered, so as to close the estate, hence this price. There is an enormous loss on every Machine sold.

P.I.P. COUPON.

Entitles Holder to ONE MOLDACOT SEWING MACHINE for 6s. 6d., if sent within Twenty-eight Days from this date.
(Signed) J. THEOBALD and CO.

THE FLYING RATTLESNAKE.

Horror-stricken audiences can be carried in the waistcoat pocket, yet grow to 27 in. long: they fly through the air with a whizzing noise. They emit the most blood-curdling screams and produce more fun at a party than an entire troupe of niggers. Post-free 1s. 2d.; three for 2s. 6d.

THE INSULTING CIGAR CASE.

You offer your friend some tempting cigars, but directly he goes to take one they fly off, and a saucy head with extended fingers jumps up in place. Post-free, 1s. 2d. THE MAGIC CIGAR CASE, where cigars entirely disappear and case is found empty. 1s. 2d.; or in real leather, 2s. 2d. THE PUZZLE FUSEE CASE, 1s. 2d.

THE MODEL STEAM DANCING

SAILOR, CLOWN, SOLDIER, PANTALOON, &c. The most marvellous Steam Working Model ever invented. Comprises large metal boiler, tripod stand, dancing platform, metal supports, brass manhole, furnace, and figure. Complete, 1s.; post-free, 1s. 2d. One figure given with each model. Six extra figures, all different, can be had for 7d. the set.

MECHANICAL MILK-CART. Immense Novelty. A splendid milk-cart and horse complete, runs along the ground in first-rate style. Carriage free, 2s. 3d. MECHANICAL MAN AND GARDEN-ROLLER. Another splendid new toy. 1s. 6d. The MECHANICAL TENNIS-PLAYERS. Hands, arms, ball, and bats, all working. 2s. 6d. AUTOMATIC JUMPING PUPPY. 2s. 9d.

CHRISTMAS-TREE ORNAMENTS.

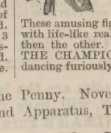
Boxes containing a splendid assortment of Drums, Flags, Candles, Reflectors, Fancy Figures, Glass Balls, Candlesticks, &c., carriage free, 1s. 3d., 2s. 10d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s., 42s. Boxes of Bread, 8d., 1s. 9d. and 2s. 6d. Coloured, Silver, Gold, and Gelatine Paper for decorations, in sheets. Assorted Packets, 8d., 1s. 2d., 2s. 6d. Artificial Moss, 8d. Bundle. Every description of Christmas-Tree Goods. See Catalogue.

THE MARVELLOUS ELECTRIC

COIL. Complete apparatus; a powerful Electric Coil, Contact Breaker, Platinum Handles, Wires, Stand, Coil, Armatures, and Fittings complete, free 1s. 3d. Very superior ditto, with powerful Battery, 2s. 9d. Warranted to work. Selling in thousands.

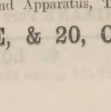
MODEL ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH, complete with Battery, 1s. 3d. Pair for 2s. 6d. Powerful Electric Bell Apparatus, 3s. 6d.

THE VICTORIA PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERA. For Gas-light Photography; greatest fun out for winter evenings; guaranteed to act. Camera, focussing tube, shutter, chemicals, and six plates, sufficient to produce six Portraits, complete, 1s. 3d. Extra plates, 6d. per packet.



THE GEM CAMERA, for Daylight Photography. Complete, 3s.

THE ELECTRIC FUSEE CASE.—In



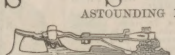
leather and nickel silver. Any one trying to open this who is not in the secret receives an Electric Shock. 1s. 8d. free. THE MAGIC WHISTLE.—Anyone not in the secret who blows it gets their faces covered with charcoal or flour, 1s. 2d. THE RAT TOBACCO-POUCH. Capital fun; life-size, 1s. 6d. BLOATER, 1s. 6d. OYSTER, 1s. 6d.

THE CHAMPION AMERICAN WRESTLERS. Selling by thousands.

These amusing figures jump about and start up and down with life-like reality, first one gaining the ascendency and then the other. Endless fun. Best quality, 1s. 6d. free. THE CHAMPION DEMON DANCERS.—Two figures dancing furiously one against the other, 1s. 6d.

SKATES! SKATES!! SKATES!!!

ASTOUNDING PRICES!



Every pair guaranteed. All made of Bessemer Steel. No common rubbish kept. 10,000 Pairs ready to go off by return of post.

THE CELEBRATED CALEDONIAN SKATES. Only one screw to turn at the heel, which makes the skate bite all over the foot, and cannot work loose. The Skate of the season. The only recognised perfect Skate. Enormous sale last season. Carriage free, 6s. 6d.

THE RENOWNED ACME PATTERN SKATE. Best quality. Once the screws are adjusted properly to the feet, it is only necessary to press a lever to take them on or off. Price, free, 3s. 6d.; Nickel Silver, 6s. 6d.

THE POPULAR KENSINGTON STEEL SKATE. Fastens to the heel by means of a screw knob, with leather straps to go across the toe. Free, 2s. 6d. per pair. Send for Catalogue for full description. Order to-day. Be sure and say the length of your boot in inches. Every size in stock—7, 7½, up to 12 inches.

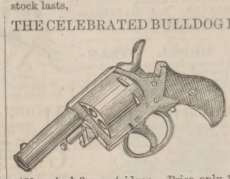
NIGGER AND AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Immense assortment; only best quality. Moustachios, 6d.; Whiskers and Moustachios, 1s.; Beards, 1s.; full ditto, 1s 6d.; Niggers' Wigs, 2s. 2d., or rising top, 3s 3d.; Sets of Bones, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d.; Black for Faces, 6d. and 1s. 2d.; Collars, 1s. 2d. and 1s. 6d.; Cuffs, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. pair; Shirt Fronts, 2s., 2s 6d., 3s. 6d.; False Noses, 6d.; Tambourines, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d.; Banjos, 4s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d.; Snaggles, 7d. and 1s. 2d. packet. Boxes of Theatrical Make-up, Paints, Powders, Rouge, Brushes, &c., 2s. 9d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.; Masks of every description.

REVOLVERS.—VERY SPECIAL.—In

these days, when there are so many burglaries with violence, it becomes a duty of every householder to provide adequate means of defence should he be molested. Every Revolver that we sell is guaranteed, and bears the proof stamp of having been officially tested. When this is taken into consideration, the absurd prices at which we sell these warranted instruments become more apparent. We know houses which get double the prices for Revolvers we are asking, and yet are considered cheap. We offer, while our stock lasts,

THE CELEBRATED BULLDOG REVOLVERS,

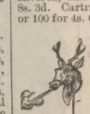


These stand pre-eminent as the best and most powerful Revolvers extant. They measure 6 inches long, have five chambers, are self-cocking, beautifully nickel-plated all over with carved handle. Taking

·450 central-fire cartridges. Price only 12s. 6d.; free. These Revolvers would be a bargain even at 25s. No one could wish for a more powerful weapon. We sell them to bushmen and travellers, so their worth can be judged. Cartridges for these, 4s. for 50; 7s. 6d. per 100.

THE RENOWNED ACME REVOLVER,

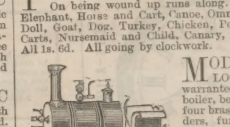
which is 6¾ in. long, having six chambers, self-cocking, bright steel barrel, and walnut stock, taking 7 m.m. pin-fire cartridges. Price only 6s. 6d., carriage free, or, on the same Revolver, with barrel and chambers beautifully nickel-silvered, and a carved handle, very superior, 8s.; free. 8s. 3d. Cartridges for the above Revolvers, 50 for 2s. 6d., or 100 for 4s. 6d.



THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN PIN. A beautiful gold-plated stag's head pin for scarf or dress, which diffuses sprays of delightful perfume at will of the wearer. Post-free, 1s. 2d.; very superior ditto, 2s. 3d. THE ANIMATED PIN.—A clown's head, the eyes and tongue of which roll about as the wearer walks along. Immense novelty. 1s. 8d.

THE MECHANICAL DONKEY.

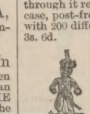
On being wound up runs along. Post-free, 1s. 6d. Elephant, Horse and Cart, Canoe, Omnibus, Cow, Giraffe, Doll, Goat, Dog, Turkey, Chicken, Perambulators, Milk Carts, Nursemaid and Child, Canary, Camel, Tricyclists. All 1s. 6d. All going by clockwork.



MODEL STEAM LOCOMOTIVE. Each warranted to work. Large boiler, bed-plate, steam-tap, four brass wheels, two cylinders, furnace, and safety-valve. Carriage free, 2s.; with whistle in addition, 2s. 6d.; Much superior ditto, in solid brass and copper throughout, very beautiful, 12s. 6d.; or six wheels, and much larger, 21s.; eight wheels, and

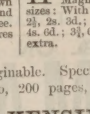
six wheels, and much larger, 21s.; eight wheels, and working backwards and forwards, 40s.

THE KENSINGTON MICROSCOPE



T. One of the most powerful made. Fine muslin seen through it resembles thick cords. In beautiful nickel-silver case, post-free, 1s. 2d. THE STUDENT MICROSCOPE, with 200 different objects, 1s. 8d.; larger ditto, 500 objects, 3s. 6d.

THE KENSINGTON MODEL STEAM DANCING NIGGER. Dances by steam for one hour at each operation. Brass dancing-platform, tripod stand, strong metal boiler, lubricator, brass lever motion, and Nigger complete.
Carriage free, 1s. 9d.



CLOCKWORK NIGGERS, 7s. 6d.
Mechanical models of every description, from 1s. to £10.

HAND READING GLASSES.

Magnificent value for money. Made in the following sizes: With Reading Glass 2 inches across, 1s.; 2½, 2s. 2d.; 2½, 2s. 3d.; 2¾, 2s. 6d.; 3 inches, 2s. 3d.; 3½, 3s. 3d.; 4s. 6d.; 3¾, 6s.; 4 inches, 7s. 6d. Postage on any size, 3d. extra.

GRAND ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE, with 500 Engravings, post-free One Penny. Novelties of every description imaginable. Special Catalogue of Steam Engines and Parts, Threepence. Special Catalogue of Magic-Lanterns, Slides, and Apparatus, Threepence. Extra Special ditto, 200 pages, Eightpence.

J. THEOBALD & COMPANY, (Established Fifty Years) 7a, BATH-PLACE, & 20, CHURCH-STREET, KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.